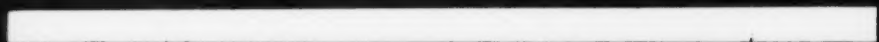


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FORUM



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A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion

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LETTERS

Greenough & greatness

• After reading James M. Fitch's "Horatio Greenough and the Art of the Machine Age" [Fall 1959], I can no longer understand the justification, real or spurious, for representing art to the students of Columbia College as being strictly a European import. When I think of the time wasted in memorizing corners of the great art classics, time which could undoubtedly have been more profitably spent in reading Greenough on form and function, . . . I doubt whether those corners really contributed to the "well-rounding-out" of me and my colleagues as much as a mere reference at that time to Greenough's existence might have done.

If this oversight has been corrected since 1954, I apologize to the fine arts department of Columbia College.

HARVEY A. TURNER
1954, Columbia College
Berne, Switzerland

Text and context

• I am very mildly distressed that Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s quote from me ["Sources of the New Deal"; Fall 1959] seems to create the impression that in the Thirties I believed that liberalism was dead. Actually that quotation was from a series of articles maintaining the contrary against the prevalent opinion.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Tucson, Arizona

Morality and science

• In his otherwise excellent essay, "Political Bias and the Social Sciences" [Fall 1959], Dennis Wrong, in discussing the problem of racial segregation, says, "The liberal sociologists' disapproval of racial segrega-

tion, though *independent* of current research . . ." and also, ". . . discrimination and segregation are fundamentally matters of justice and morality *rather than* issues of biology, psychiatry or cost accounting to be decided by scientific research." (*Italics mine*).

Why must we be presented with an either-or choice? In the physical sciences we have both a corpuscular and a wave theory of light; why cannot morality and science *both* be involved in a man's decision concerning segregation? How does Mr. Wrong know that liberals do not base their decisions for a liberal cause on morality and research and passion? Segregation is immoral and unscientific and uneconomical in the long run.

Of course, the changes in the South (and in the North, where segregation occurs also, in the form of restricted housing areas) temporarily will cause turmoil. But will this emotional strain cause more or less harm than segregation?

Next, what is the definition of mental health Mr. Wrong uses when he feels that discrimination and segregation "may buttress the mental health of members of the groups involved"? That the racial myths help sustain a certain defensive psychological position, that it enables Whites to deny aspects of their sexuality and aggression by projecting them on to Negroes, is clear. But this is not mental health, and the anxiety undergone as one has to lose this defensive position is not necessarily bad for the individual or group. What of the crippling of the Negro child by the segregationist mythology?

Mr. Wrong's statements, unfortunately, and, I am sure, unintentionally, could be used by segregationists to further buttress their defensive position.

JOEL S. HANDLER, M.D.
Department of Psychiatry
University of Illinois
Chicago, Illinois

Dennis Wrong writes:

Racism is clearly unscientific, but, as I pointed out in my article, other arguments are available to defenders of segregation, arguments which they nowadays resort to with increasing frequency. But what can

it mean to say that an institution is "unscientific"? That it is unworkable? Inequality and oppression are more common in history than their opposites and modern totalitarianism disabuses us of the comforting notion that they are destined to wither away in industrial societies.

Dr. Handler's "in the long-run" is long enough to allow for changes in present conditions that make segregation an economic burden. Is it so certain that assigning unskilled dirty work to a segregated lower caste is "uneconomical"? Dr. Handler should reread Huxley's *Brave New World*.

The only definition of mental health I find meaningful is a purely negative one: the absence of those symptoms which most psychiatrists would regard as evidence of severe neurosis or psychosis. Is there really definitive psychiatric evidence that liberal professionals are mentally healthier than Negroes and illiberal Whites? Or that Negroes are mentally healthier today than when segregation was more firmly entrenched? Dr. Handler's fellow-psychiatrist, Bruno Bettelheim, whose argument influenced my own, thinks not ("Discrimination and Science," *Commentary*, April, 1956).

I share Dr. Handler's optimism that desegregation will eventually triumph after a period of turmoil that is only temporary. I think so because I doubt that Americans, in contrast to Dutch Africans or French Algerians, care deeply enough about segregation to sacrifice other values to preserve it. I may be wrong: Northerners have in the past underestimated the strength of Southern nationalism.

If these considerations should lead Dr. Handler to take a more pessimistic view of the stability and the economic and psychiatric effects of segregation, would he abandon his conviction that it is morally wrong? I hope he wouldn't.

Dr. Handler's last sentence is on the same level as the segregationist argument that protest against injustice to Negroes provides "fuel for Moscow." I should be distressed if either segregationists or Communists were, improbably, to find aid and comfort in my carefully qualified statements, but my first concern is to tell the truth as I see it.

THE END OF IDEOLOGY IN THE WEST

"Men commit the error
of not knowing when
to limit their hopes,"

Machiavelli

by DANIEL BELL

A distinguished sociologist suggests a cause for the spiritual malaise of intellectual people (the young especially) in the West today—and warns of certain temptations.

Ideology is the conversion of ideas into social levers. Without irony, Max Lerner once entitled a book *Ideas Are Weapons*. This is the language of ideology. It is more. It is the commitment to the consequences of ideas. When Vissarion Belinsky, the father of Russian literary criticism, first read Hegel and became convinced of the philosophical correctness of the formula "what is, is what ought to be," he became a supporter of the Russian autocracy. But when it was shown to him that Hegel's thought contained the contrary tendency, that dialectically the "is" evolves into a different form, he became a revolutionary overnight. "Belinsky's conversion," comments Rufus W. Mathewson, Jr., "illustrates an attitude toward ideas which is both passionate and myopic, which responds to them on the basis of their immediate relevances alone, and inevitably reduces them to tools."

What gives ideology its force is its passion. Abstract philosophical inquiry has always sought to eliminate passion and the person, to rationalize all ideas. For the ideologue, truth arises in action, and meaning is given to experience by the "transforming moment." He comes alive, not in contemplation, but in "the deed." One might say, in

fact, that the most important latent function of ideology is to tap emotion. Other than religion (and war and nationalism), there have been few public forms capable of absorbing popular emotional energy. Religion symbolized, drained away, dispersed emotional energy from the world into the litany, the liturgy, the sacraments, the edifices, the arts. Ideology fuses these energies and channels them into politics.

But religion, at its most effective, was more. It was a way for people to cope with the problem of death. The fear of death—forceful and inevitable—and more, the fear of violent death, shatters the glittering, imposing momentary dream of man's power. The fear of death, as Hobbes pointed out, is the source of conscience; the effort to avoid violent death is the source of law. When it was possible for people to believe, really believe, in heaven and in hell, then some of the fear of death could be tempered or controlled; without such belief, there is only the total annihilation of the self.

It may well be that with the decline in religious *faith* in the last century and more, this fear of death as total annihilation, unconsciously expressed, has increased. One may hypothesize, in fact, that here is a cause of the breakthrough of the irrational, which is such a marked feature of the changed moral temper of our time. Fanaticism, violence, and cruelty as we have witnessed them are not, of course, unique in human history. But there was a time when such frenzies and mass emotions could be displaced, symbolized, drained away, and dispersed through religious devotion and practice. Now there is only this life, and the assertion of self becomes possible only in the domination of others. One can challenge death by emphasizing the omnipotence of a movement (as in "the inevitable victory of communism") or overcome death (as did the "immortality" of Captain Ahab) by bending others to one's will. Both paths are taken, but politics, because it can institutionalize power, in the way that religion once did, becomes the ready avenue for domination. The modern effort to transform the world

chiefly or solely through politics (as contrasted with the religious transformation of the self) has meant that all other institutional ways of mobilizing emotional energy would necessarily atrophy. In effect, sect and church became party and social movement.

A social movement can rouse people when it can do three things: simplify ideas, establish a claim to truth, and, in the union of the two, demand a commitment to action. Thus, not only does ideology transform ideas, it transforms people as well. (One becomes an "ist"—a revolutionist, anarchist, socialist, etc., to signal the new commitment.)

The nineteenth-century ideologies, by emphasizing inevitability and by infusing passion in their followers, could compete with religion. By identifying inevitability with progress, they borrowed the positive values of science. But, more important, these ideologies were the property of the rising class of intellectuals, which was seeking to assert a place in society. And this class believed these ideologies to be truths.

The differences between the intellectual and the scholar, without being invidious, are important and should be understood. The scholar has a bounded field of knowledge, a tradition, and seeks to find his place in it, adding to the accumulated, tested knowledge of the past as to a mosaic. The scholar, *qua* scholar, is less involved with his "self." The intellectual begins with *his* experience, *his* individual perceptions of the world, *his* privileges and deprivations, and judges the world by these sensibilities. Since he values his own status highly, his judgments of the society reflect the treatment accorded him. In a business civilization, the intellectual felt that the wrong values were being honored, and "rejected" the society. Thus there was a "built-in" compulsion for the free-floating intellectual to become political. The radical ideologies that emerged from the nineteenth century, therefore, had the force of the intellectuals behind them. They embarked upon what William James called "the faith ladder,"

which in its vision of the future cannot distinguish possibilities from probabilities, and converts the latter into certainties.

Today, these ideologies are exhausted. The events behind this important sociological change are complex and varied. Such calamities as the Moscow Trials, the Nazi-Soviet pact, the concentration camps, the suppression of the Hungarian workers, form one chain; such social changes as the modification of capitalism, the rise of the Welfare State, another. In philosophy, one can trace the decline of simplistic rationalistic beliefs and the emergence of the new stoic-theological images of man—e.g. Freud, Tillich, Jaspers, etc. (This is not to say that such ideologies as communism in France and Italy still do not have political weight or a driving momentum from other sources.) But out of all this history, one simple fact emerges: for the radical intelligentsia, the old ideologies have lost their "truth" and their power to persuade.

Few serious minds believe any longer that one can set down "blueprints" and through "social engineering" bring about a new utopia of social harmony. At the same time, the older "counter-beliefs" have lost their intellectual force as well. Few "classic" liberals insist that the State should play no role in the economy, and few serious conservatives, at least on the Continent, believe that the Welfare State is "the road to serfdom." In the Western world, therefore, there is today a rough consensus among intellectuals on political issues: the acceptance of a Welfare State; the desirability of decentralized power; a system of a mixed economy and of political pluralism. In that sense, too, the ideological age has ended.

And yet, the extraordinary fact is that while the old nineteenth-century ideologies and intellectual debates are exhausted, the rising states of Asia and Africa are fashioning new ideologies for their own people. These are the ideologies of industrialization, modernization, pan-Arabism, color, and nationalism. In the distinctive difference between the two kinds of ideology lie the great political and social problems of the second half of the twentieth century. The ideologies of the nineteenth century were universalistic, humanistic, and fashioned by intellectuals. The mass ideologies of Asia and Africa are parochial, instrumental, and created by political leaders.

The driving force of the old ideologies was a passion for social equality and, in the largest sense, freedom. The impulses of the new ideologies are economic development and national power.

Russia and China have become the models. The fascination these countries exert is no longer that of the old idea of the free society, but the new one of economic growth. And if economic growth requires the wholesale coercion of a population and the rise of new elites to drive the people, the new repressions are justified on the ground that without such coercions economic advance cannot take place rapidly enough. And even for some of the liberals of the West, "economic development" has become a new ideology that washes away the memory of old disillusionments.

It is hard to quarrel with an appeal for rapid economic growth and modernization, and few can dispute the goal, as few could dispute an appeal for equality and freedom. But in this powerful surge—and its swiftness is amazing—any movement that instates such goals risks the sacrifice of the present generation for a future that may see only a new exploitation by a new elite. For the newly risen countries, the debate is not over the merits of communism—the content of that doctrine has long been forgotten by friends and foes alike. The question is an older one: whether new societies can grow by building democratic institutions and allowing people to make choices—and sacrifices—voluntarily, or whether new elites, heady with power, will use totalitarian means to transform their countries. Certainly in these traditional and old colonial societies, where the masses are apathetic and easily manipulated, the answer lies with the intellectual classes and their conceptions of the future.

Thus one finds, at the end of the Fifties, a disconcerting caesura. In the West, among the intellectuals, the old passions are spent. The new generation, with no meaningful memory of these old debates, and no secure tradition to build upon, finds itself seeking new purposes within a framework of political society that has rejected, intellectually speaking, old apocalyptic and chiliastic visions. In the search for a "cause," there is a deep, desperate, almost pathetic anger. The theme runs through a remarkable book, *Convic-*

tion, by a dozen of the sharpest young Left Wing intellectuals in Britain. They cannot define the content of the "cause" they seek, but the yearning is clear. In the US, too, there is a restless search for a new intellectual radicalism. Richard Chase in his thoughtful assessment of American society, *The Democratic Vista*, insists that the greatness of nineteenth-century America for the rest of the world consisted in its radical vision of man (such a vision as Whitman's), and calls for a new radical criticism today. But the problem is that the old politico-economic radicalism (pre-occupied with such matters as the socialization of industry) has lost its urgency, while the stultifying aspects of contemporary culture (e.g. television) cannot be redressed in political terms. At the same time, American culture has almost completely accepted the avant-garde, particularly in art, and the older, academic styles have been driven out completely. Modernity has become the norm, and the new is eagerly accepted, and absorbed; what, then, are the challenges of a cultural radicalism? The irony, further, for those who seek "causes" is that the workers, whose grievances were once the driving energy for social change, are more satisfied with the society than are the intellectuals. The workers have not achieved utopia, but their expectations were less than those of the intellectuals, and the gains correspondingly larger.

The young intellectual is unhappy because the "middle way" is for the middle-aged, not for him; it is without passion and is deadening. Ideology, which by its nature is an all-or-none affair, and which is temperamentally the thing he wants, is intellectually devitalized, and few issues can be formulated any more in ideological terms. The emotional energies—and needs—exist, and the question of how one mobilizes these energies is a difficult one. Politics offers little excitement. Some of the younger intellectuals have found an outlet in science or university pursuits, but often at the expense of narrowing their talent into mere technique; others have sought self-expression in the arts, but the lack of content there has meant, too, the lack of the necessary tension that creates new forms and styles.

Whether the intellectuals in the West can find passions outside of politics is moot. Unfortunately, social reform no longer has any unifying appeal, nor does it give a younger generation the

opportunity for "self-expression" and "self-definition" that it wants. The trajectory of enthusiasm has curved East, where, in the new ecstasies for economic utopia, the "future" is all that counts.

And yet, if the intellectual history of the past hundred years has any meaning—and lesson—it is to reassert Jefferson's wisdom (aimed at removing the dead hand of the past, but which can serve as a warning against the heavy hand of the future as well), that "the present belongs to the living." This is the wisdom that revolutionists, old and new, who are sensitive to the fate of their fellow men, rediscover in every generation. "I will never believe," says a protagonist in a poignant dialogue written by the gallant Polish philosopher Leszek Kolakowski, "that the moral and intellectual life of mankind follows the law of economics, that is, by saving today we can have more tomorrow; that we should use lives now so that truth will triumph or that we should profit by crime to pave the way for nobility."

And these words—written during the Polish "thaw," when Polish intellectuals, out of the scarifying experience with their "future," had reasserted the claims of humanism—echo the protest of the Russian philosopher Alexander Herzen, who, in a dialogue a hundred years ago, reproached a revolutionist of his day who would sacrifice the present mankind for a promised tomorrow: "Do you truly wish to condemn all human beings alive today to the sad role of caryatids . . . supporting a floor for others to dance on? . . . This alone should serve as a warning to people: an end that is infinitely remote is not an end, but, if you like, a trap; an end must be nearer—it ought to be, at the very least, the labourer's wage or pleasure in the work done. Each age, each generation, each life has its own fullness."



Daniel Bell is an associate professor of sociology at Columbia. One of the most versatile American writers on sociological and political subjects, he will publish a volume of essays early this year entitled *The End of Ideology*. The present essay is adapted from its epilogue. Mr. Bell is also a former *Fortune* editor.

The Lady Chatterley Spectacle



by LEO HAMALIAN

Still under siege by the US Postal authorities,
this most hectored book of modern times has been through
three author's versions, seven more or less
"authorized" publications, and innumerable piracies.
Here are the high—and low—spots in its history.

In 1925, D. H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda left America for the last time and returned to England, hoping to end their slow, fitful journey around the world. Homecoming was a disappointment, and they wandered on to Florence, where they rented a dilapidated villa overlooking the tawny Tuscan countryside. Toward the fall of 1926, in the seclusion of a small cave he had discovered while hiking through the hills, Lawrence began to write the epilogue to his experience of flight and search, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Working with his old vigor despite the insistent voice of physical pain and constant forebodings of death, he finished a draft, tentatively entitled "My Lady's Keeper," by spring of the following year. This was the first of three separate and complete manuscripts of the novel whose subsequent career was to unfold a spectacle of suppression and chicanery unsurpassed in the history of modern publishing.

Lawrence originally intended to publish the first draft at once, but he put this plan aside to visit the Etruscan tombs in central Italy. Returning to Florence in April, he wrote the second draft while yet in the lyric mood of his Etruscan adventure. In early 1928, after an alarming illness, he completed the third draft and, at the wry suggestion of Juliette Huxley (Mrs. Julian Huxley), named it *John Thomas and Lady Jane*. Why and how Lawrence changed each of his versions has been discussed elsewhere, but one might point out that Lawrence did not, as most writers do, revise by cutting, adding, or transposing: he rewrote. In Aldous Huxley's words, he gave his daemon another chance to say what it wanted to say. Frieda's comment that he had "put more punch and fight" into his third version hardly summarizes its new and more radical tone: by making the details and the language of the sexual act far more explicit than he had done, Lawrence was launching a frontal assault on the shaky but still formidable redoubts of Victorian morality, his banner flying the slogan, "the phallus is the bridge to the future."

Aware that Mrs. Grundy would be waiting to ambush him, he wrote to Huxley, "O captain, my captain, our fearful trip's begun!"

The trouble started even before the book saw

print. A Florentine woman, after typing five chapters of *John Thomas*, informed its author that she simply could not continue, and only through the combined efforts of Juliette Huxley, Lawrence's Scottish friend Catherine Carswell, and a typist with less delicate sensibilities, was the typescript readied for spring publication. In March of 1928, Lawrence dispatched copies to his agent, Laurence Pollinger, his English publisher, Martin Secker, and his new American publisher, Alfred A. Knopf. Secker showed a wary interest, and Lawrence says Knopf wrote that he "hoped to be able to get it into shape to offer to the public"; but when Lawrence learned that the publishers wanted extensive expurgation, he decided to proceed on his own in Florence. He thereupon asked his agent to withdraw the version from circulation.

Lawrence took his typescript, now called *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, to Guiseppe Orioli, a Florentine bookseller and publisher whom he had met in Cornwall during the war. They arranged a printing of 1,000 copies at a shop where the compositor knew no English. Warned by a newspaper about what the book described (the typist apparently liked to talk about things she couldn't bear to read), the printer asked, "What does it describe?" When he was told, he said with a shrug, "O! *ma!* but we do it every day."

Because no one at the printing shop knew a word of English, the proofs were full of misspellings. "The printer would do fairly well for a few pages," Lawrence wrote, "then he would go drunk, or something." To complicate matters, there was only enough type to set up half the book. The thousand half-copies were set up and printed (along with a little second edition of two hundred), the type was distributed, and then the second half was set up. In the meantime, to finance the venture, Lawrence was accepting subscriptions, from friends and friends of friends, at two guineas (or \$10) from France, America, and England. By June, the first edition, signed by Lawrence, entered the mails. A Thirty Years' War was begun, over a book. It produced remarkably few heroes.

Lawrence had provoked the censors before, especially with *The Rainbow*, which had appeared during World War I. Led by the eminent

Robert Lynd, who labelled it "a monstrous wilderness of phallicism," several critics had complained about *The Rainbow* and they, presumably, set both the National Purity League and Scotland Yard into action. Catherine Carswell lost her reviewing assignment on the *Glasgow Herald* for praising the book. Although there was no official censor in England, about a thousand copies were seized at the office of the publisher (who, says John Middleton Murry, had the effrontery to assert in court that, had he known what the book contained, he would never have dreamed of issuing it) and the printer was forced to destroy the plates. In the opinion of Richard Aldington, the charge of immorality made against *The Rainbow* was merely the government's excuse to punish Lawrence for mocking military service when enlistments were dragging. Whatever the reason, this suppression made publishers fearful of accepting Lawrence's work. He had no other source of income than his writing.

When Secker risked the publication of *Women in Love* in 1920 (sequel to *The Rainbow*, it won the James Tait Black award as the year's best novel), the coughing and crying began again. The most clamorous of the London papers, *John Bull*, described the book in a haunting phrase: a "Loathsome Study of Sex Depravity—Misleading Youth to Unspeakable Disaster." However, the book was not suppressed.

Two years later, Thomas Seltzer made *Women in Love* available to the American public. One night Justice of the New York Supreme Court John Fox found his daughter reading it. He promptly organized the Clean Books League, whose aim was, in his own words, to make the law against "obscene" books "horse-high, pig-tight, and bull-strong." He then persuaded John S. Sumner and his Society for the Suppression of Vice to go after *Women in Love*. Thomas Seltzer won the case when Magistrate George W. Simpson ruled that Lawrence was seriously attempting to "discover the motivating power of life."

The guardians of public purity had always been willing to lose an engagement in order to win the war with Lawrence, but six years later, as *Lady Chatterley* began to arrive in England and America, the "censor-morons" (as Lawrence

called his enemies) squared off for a showdown. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, contended that the book threatened "the moral welfare of the community" and alerted customs officials and postal clerks; Scotland Yard wheeled into action again, seizing copies in the mail and irrelevantly threatening Lawrence's literary agent (who had nothing to do with the matter) with criminal action; and once more the press exploded. "A landmark in evil," howled one paper; "Monstrous and horrible!" raged another; " 'But we do it every day' says a little Italian printer," jeered a third.

Thanks to Lawrence's friends, who hid copies in their London flats and mailed them to subscribers, almost the entire first edition was successfully smuggled into England. But in New York, the book was stopped almost at once by customs men. Lawrence began to receive letters from booksellers, critics, and readers complaining about orders gone astray. Despite sinking health, he wrote answers on the backs of these letters and sent them to Orioli for formal reply, asking him also to put false jackets on the books and to mail them by way of Galveston and New Orleans.

While the censors had him engaged, the pirates fell upon him. In late 1928, one of his articles appeared in America without authorization. "Some frugal gentleman," writes bibliographer Edward MacDonald, "with an eye to the necessities of an imminent happy Christmas season, thought of reprinting 'Sex Locked Out' for distribution among his friends." A story called "Sun" was pirated from the authorized Black Sun edition and sold here for \$10 a copy. Soon after the first genuine copies of *Lady Chatterley* arrived in America, an unauthorized photographic facsimile was being sold as the original, even by reliable bookstores, at \$15 a copy. Another facsimile edition, bound in dull orange cloth and containing a forged signature, was quickly shipped from Philadelphia to London and there offered at thirty shillings. Lawrence was powerless; for in a sense, the law protected pirates and still does: a book regarded as indecent cannot be copyrighted in America and hence becomes public domain, unprotected game for any predatory publisher.

At his wits' end, Lawrence was forced to put out early his second Florentine edition of two

hundred copies. But this small edition failed to discourage the proliferating facsimiles—some of which were strikingly similar to the original: bound in mulberry-colored boards, lettered in black on white title-paper, with the Lawrence phoenix design on the front cover. Particularly galling to Lawrence was a “funereal volume bound in black and elongated to look like a Bible,” selling for \$10 to \$50, “depending upon the whim of the bookseller and the gullibility of the purchaser.”

When the European pirates found that booksellers were beginning to balk at *sub rosa* sales, they approached Lawrence with an offer of royalties on all past as well as future sales in exchange for his blessing. “It is understood,” Lawrence wrote scornfully, “that Judas is always ready with a kiss. But that I should have to kiss him back—!”

Rather than endorse the expensive pirated editions, Lawrence made plans for a popular unabridged edition, “a fat little book you can put in your pocket,” to sell at sixty francs out of Paris. He tried unsuccessfully to interest the Pegasus Press in Paris, Harry Crosby of the Black Sun Press, and Sylvia Beach of Shakespeare and Company (publishers of *Ulysses*) in the venture; only after making a nightmare trip through Paris himself in March of 1929 did he get Edward Titus to print it privately. This ensuing inexpensive edition carried the essay, “My Skirmish with Jolly Roger,” posthumously published in 1930 as “A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.”

Shortly after the appearance of yet another piracy in July of 1929, Lawrence must have felt that his only recourse was to publish the first draft, the one he had put aside before visiting the Etruscan tombs. “I believe it has hardly any ——— or ———, and no address to the ———; in fact hardly any of the root of the matter at all,” is the way his letter to Orioli comes out in Huxley's version of the *Letters*. Lawrence asked Orioli to look through “the so-called hot parts” with an eye to taking “the few flies out of that Virgin ointment.” But publication did not take place. Lawrence's health, worsened by the vexation he had to endure over the British confiscation of a poetry manuscript called *Pansies* and the infamous suppression of his paintings in London, prevented him from

carrying out his plan and the first draft waited fifteen years to see print.

Meanwhile, the unabridged version continued an object of absorbing interest to pirates and police in the States. One black-marketeer in particular revealed a kind of insane imagination coupled with a spirit of unquenchable cupidity. This was the notorious Sam Roth, who had already looted the work of T. S. Eliot and James Joyce and later distinguished himself by writing *The Strange Career of Herbert Hoover* (which, he claimed, scotched Hoover's hope for a second term); *My Sister and I: The Diary of Frederick Nietzsche*; *I Was Hitler's Doctor*, and by his own admission, countless other fabrications.

Operating out of Philadelphia sometime in 1929, Roth published a cleansed edition of *Lady C.* under the imprint of “William Faro,” and called it “No. 1 of the modern amatory classics.” The book, at first mistaken for the real thing, involved him in an unpleasant tilt with the law, but no charges were made. In that same year, he distributed a dramatization of his version of *Lady Chatterley* as “No. 2 of the ardent classics.” Flushed by his subterranean success, he followed with *Lady Chatterley's Husbands*, “an anonymous carrying on of the delightful story of Connie and Mellors,” and in 1932, he produced a volume entitled *Lady Chatterley's Friends*, “a new Sequel” (*sic*). He also found it profitable to bring out a second edition of the 1929 piracy.

While Roth was busy compiling this library, the “censor-morons” moved to protect American couples from what William York Tindall later called the “temptation of reading D. H. Lawrence on couches, then putting him aside to lie on them.” An agent of the New England Watch and Ward Society entered the Dunster House Bookshop in Cambridge, Massachusetts one day in November 1929 and bought a copy of the unabridged Paris edition. The manager of the bookshop was called to court, convicted of selling “obscene” literature, fined \$800 and sentenced to four months in the House of Correction; his clerk was fined \$200 and sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment.

With these events in mind, Lawrence's English publisher pleaded with him to prepare a cut edition that could be sold without interference

from prude or pirate. Lawrence valiantly attempted a severe abridgement, but it could not be done: "I might as well try to clip my own nose into shape with scissors. The book bleeds," he wrote. Lawrence seethed over the whole matter at Bandol; fatally ill with consumption, he bled with his book. As his letters reveal, the strain of *Lady Chatterley* unquestionably hastened his death. Shortly before the end, in 1930 at Vence, Lawrence tapped his chest and remarked bitterly to a friend: "The hatred which my books have aroused comes back at me and gets me here."

This hatred pursued him beyond the grave. In her *New Yorker* obituary, Genêt accused Lawrence of stealing his ideas from Carl Jung and of climbing mulberry trees naked. In the United States Senate, Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, fresh from a reading of *Lady Chatterley*, thundered that Lawrence's soul was black enough to make him a shining light in Hell. Perhaps as a parting gesture, one pirate wrote a pamphlet called *Dirty Words*, signed it with Lawrence's name, and made a handsome profit.

Lawrence safely dead, the tide began to turn after Secker, authorized by Lawrence's agent, prepared and published a gutted version of *Lady Chatterley* in England in 1932. From these plates Knopf published the American edition and ultimately sold the rights to the paperback firm, New American Library. In thirteen years, NAL has sold nearly two million copies of their inexpensive paperback in this country—a cut version (startlingly similar to Roth's hatchet job) in which passages from a paragraph to a chapter in length, totalling one hundred pages, had been rooted out along with any language that could be interpreted as obscene. This kind of surgery so modified the essential spirit of the book that it is to the original what a capon is to a cock. Yet Frieda Lawrence praised the mutilated version as a fair representation of the original, and even today in many parts of the United States it is the only one sold or read.

The chilling history of *Lady Chatterley* seemed closed, when, in 1944 Dial Press published Lawrence's "tamer first draft" under the title of *The First Lady Chatterley*, with an introduction by Frieda. Though it lacked the four-letter words that so provoked the innocent in

1928, even this edition managed to stir a storm. While other Americans were off fighting genuine obscenities, that redoubtable enemy of sin Charles S. Sumner raided the New York offices of Dial and seized four hundred copies. Twenty days later the Magistrate's Court pronounced the book "obscene," but on November 2 two of the three justices of the Court of Special Sessions declared to the contrary and dismissed the case. Avon books, in turn, made a cut version of the first draft available in paperback, and in 1958, Berkeley Books, in its paper edition, restored the longer and stronger Dial Press version. (The second draft, for a wonder, has never been published except in an Italian translation issued by Mondadori in Milan.)

Viewing the extraordinary career of *Lady Chatterley*, the leading Lawrence authority Harry T. Moore was moved to write in 1953: "Now, twenty years after the legalization of *Ulysses*, we might expect a publisher to undertake the genuine *Lady Chatterley*." The following year, the small but respected New York firm of Grove Press engaged Professor Mark Schorer to examine the manuscript of the third version, then in the possession of Frieda in New Mexico, with a view to its publication. What happened next is beclouded and controversial. Frieda gave Grove permission but never signed a contract, while the agent of the Lawrence estate granted Grove permission to publish a cloth edition only and approved New American Library's plan to do the Florence version in paper.

In May of 1959, Grove offered an edition of 10,000 at \$6 a copy, a price calculated to dampen the enthusiasm of the prurient. On May 6, at the request of the General Counsel for the United States Post Office (famous for its estimate of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*), New York postal authorities seized packages of the book on the grounds of obscenity and suspended mailing rights pending a hearing. As the world knows by now, Grove Press was notified and summoned to a hearing in the General Post Office Building on May 14 which would "decide" whether the book was "obscene" as charged. Speaking for Grove Press, critic Malcolm Cowley told the hearing, "I do not find anything in *Lady Chatterley* which I don't find in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It is what marriage counsellors are telling their counsellees five days a week . . ."

The critic Alfred Kazin said that the novel is a "deeply religious work in the consecrational vein of the nineteenth century, aimed at bringing about a new holiness as an attitude towards life between men and women."

With a determination dramatized by a skillful publicity campaign, Grove Press fought the banning at the cost of about \$75,000—a high price for freedom of the press but moderate next to the profit already earned by the staggering sales of the cloth edition. On May 10, Grove asked for an interim mailing permit while the obscenity issue was being decided. The request was turned down. Judicial Officer Abelard, after studying briefs from both sides, referred the issue to Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield for decision. On June 11, Summerfield, a former Chevrolet dealer, pronounced the novel "filthy" and "unmailable." Grove immediately filed an injunction suit to have the ban lifted, and on July 21, as everyone also knows, Federal Judge Frederick van Pelt Bryan ruled that the ban was "illegal and void" because the book was "neither obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent nor filthy in content and character." *Lady Chatterley* could no longer claim the distinction Ezra Pound once coined for it—the only unprintable book that is readable.

In much less time than it takes small minds to define obscenity, all hell broke loose in the publishing world—and an astonished public was treated to as unedifying a spectacle as dignified businessmen have ever provided. NAL, staging a holding action while preparing its own "authorized" uncut edition, implied on the title page of its earlier abridged edition that it was "complete" and "approved by Lawrence himself." Grove rushed to court to restrain NAL from making such a claim and on July 31, NAL was ordered by the State Supreme Court to label its abridged edition appropriately. When NAL struck back with its own uncut edition, Grove accused the firm of "commercial hitch-hiking"; NAL denied the accusation, of course. Meanwhile, Pocket Books, another paperback house, quietly issued its uncut edition, authorized by no one in particular but prompted by the inspired recollection that the Florence edition was in the public domain. Another paperback house,

Pyramid, rushed to follow Pocket Book's edifying example, and, last of all, a tabloid version was being sold in New Jersey, Long Island, and Connecticut at places where young people were likely to congregate.

By now, publishers were using extremely nasty language with each other and threatening, among less civilized things, law suits and counter law suits. Lawyers were happily giving advice and madly making up briefs and everyone concerned was making money. As of this writing, the total sales of all editions probably exceed five million copies, with ten million an eventual likelihood.

At the height of the melee, Grove Press felt forced to a painful step: it contracted with yet another paperback house, Dell, to distribute a fifty-cent version of its \$6 hardback, which was still a best-seller. In August, Random House contracted to publish the Grove edition in the Modern Library series, bringing the total number of editions of this book, only a year before unavailable for love or money, to seven.

Shortly before his death in 1930, Lawrence wrote: "It all looks very black for the 'trade'." Last year, while publishers were too busy examining sales charts to examine their conduct, the normally neutral *Publishers' Weekly* could not disagree with Lawrence's judgment: "The public image of the whole book trade has been cheapened by the 'Chatterley' sweepstakes," it said in an editorial that summed up the feelings of a good many disillusioned onlookers. But the novel itself speaks of some matters besides those it is famous for. Towards its close, as though predicting the shabby spectacle to come, Lawrence has his hero write: "I'm frightened really. I feel the devil in the air, and he'll try to get us. Or not the devil, Mammon: which I think, after all, is only the mass-will of people, wanting money and hating life . . . wanting to get hold of the throat of anybody who tries to live, to live beyond money, and squeeze the life out. There's a bad time coming. There's a bad time coming, boys, there's a bad time coming!"

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INTERNATIONAL LAW AT WORLD'S END AND BEYOND

by PHILIP C. JESSUP

An expert on the most literally far-fetched legal problems faced by man reflects on the making of laws for Antarctica and Outer Space.

There was a time, which some nostalgically recall, when diplomacy was an art practiced by a select group of professionals speaking a common tongue and acknowledging a common ethic. In that good old time, if it unhappily became necessary to disturb the comfort and convenience of a colleague, the disturbance was accomplished (figuratively speaking at least) with a poniard; never, certainly, with a blackjack. One might raise one's eyebrow, but not one's voice. And if commerce, in the broad terms of embargoes or command of the seas, fell within the realm of statecraft, mere matters of trade never did. It was a time of little speed and not much haste.

Today, of course, the diplomatist flies to his

meeting at some six hundred miles an hour, grins a propaganda greeting into the television cameras, discusses the quality and price of machine tools or helicopters, and brings a battery of scientists in his train to prompt him in the niceties of nuclear physics. Or, in a reluctant mood, he may stay at home and let the radio carry all over the world insults, epithets, boastings and bombast.

Both pictures are, perhaps, inexact, but they make the point.

Two subjects the statesmen are discussing as this is written would have given Gilbertian nightmares to a seventeenth-century diplomat: what to do with an area as big as the United States and Europe combined, which is largely covered by an icecap some two miles thick, and which is called Antarctica; and what to do with—or in—the vastness that is outer space. The first full-scale international diplomatic conference on the Antarctic (a conference which was twelve months in gestation), ended its meetings in Washington on December 1. In New York, the General Assembly of the United Nations has taken its first rather faltering steps in the direction of controls for outer space.

Meanwhile, new space vehicles rush forth on their missions. Having broken the sound barrier, we have shattered the barrier of incredulity: "Did you see, they put the communication from the Martians in front page headlines? But it doesn't surprise me. Why, I was saying just last week..."

The new age has been officially recognized and certified. Congress has resolved:

That the United States should seek through the United Nations or such other means as may be most appropriate an international agreement providing for joint exploration of outer space and [the establishment of] a method by which disputes which arise in the future in relation to outer space will be solved by legal, peaceful methods rather than by resort to violence.

The conquest of space, the exploration of Antarctica, are only two of the dramatic recent achievements in man's age-long effort first to understand and then to master the physical universe. But with these conquests has finally come the pervasive realization that the physical sciences are not to be thought of apart from the

stream of practical affairs. Science and technology have their immediate effects upon all human activities, including, most especially, international relations. The Stanford Research Institute has demonstrated this in its recent study of the impact of science on problems of foreign policy, prepared for the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and it is correct in suggesting that now is the time to seek international agreement on rules or procedures which may restrain or avoid international conflict. The atomic bombs and their spawn of nuclear weapons are the obvious but not the sole exhibits in the case.

The dreadful alternative to international laws is an armed international gold rush: each nation moving blindly forward, exploiting, each to his advantage, the unknown territories: Antarctica, outer space, even the depths of the oceans.

It was after pondering such prospects that Columbia University established three years ago its Council for Atomic Age Studies, which is designed as an instrument for calculating and measuring some of the effects of contemporary physical science and technology upon the social sciences and the social world, and for promoting the study of those effects as much in advance as possible. The Council developed by natural stages from the work of Columbia's Legislative Drafting Research Fund which, in 1955, was commissioned to recommend how fiscal insurance might be offered against atomic hazards associated with nuclear power plants. Thanks to the expert contributions of Columbia faculty members, enlisted by the Fund from a wide diversity of disciplines, a workable insurance scheme was arrived at.

But let me return to the current test case in atomic-age international law: to determine the rights of nations in Antarctica and outer space. As Professor Howard J. Taubenfeld and I have suggested in a recent study, the frontiers of Antarctica and outer space are free of one of the hitherto most difficult considerations where international regulation is to be attempted: native peoples. They have no inhabitants, no indigenous human populations such as confronted the explorers and conquerors in the Age of Discovery, or the twentieth-century statesmen who have tried to adjust boundaries to express the self-determination of peoples. The problems may

seem unrelated, yet our experience in arranging the status of Antarctica has been most difficult, and as an Australian delegate to the UN wisely observed: "Experience in Antarctica may suggest how difficult it may become to consider the problem of outer space, impartially and on a universal plane, if decision is left until states have established themselves permanently [there]."

Whose interests, and of what sort, are at stake in Antarctica? First, the scientific interest, and not merely the scientific interest of any one nation's scientists. The International Geophysical Year demonstrated that international cooperation among scientists is possible and mutually beneficial despite cold wars and cold climates. (Though, as we shall see, there have been some light frosts even in the fields of science.) Also to be served is the interest of national defense. Each nation must look after its own, but in this new age it is no longer obvious what one is defending against or whether defense can be developed unilaterally. The interaction between the scientific and defense interest is constant, as we have seen. A very large part of the scientific work now being carried on in the United States is financed by the Government on the presumption of potential value for the national defense.

At the same time, as the Stanford study tends to prove, we may have too narrow and too purely military a view of the significant uses of science and of national defense; broadly conceived, the "national interest" is served by wise foreign policy and wise foreign policy must both utilize and guide scientific work. It is quite possible that making deserts bloom like the rose through some use of thermonuclear power, through an improved process for desalinating sea water, and perhaps some weather control, may be more valuable to our national interest than the perfection of a carrier for a nuclear warhead. It is becoming increasingly difficult to separate pure scientific exploration from the exploitation of discoveries. Advances in science appear to be making or foreclosing policy rather than the reverse.

It is also hard for anyone to prove that the defense interest of the United States would be served better by reserving the right, until some

future time, to establish a sovereign claim to the moon or to a planet or to Antarctica, than by securing as soon as possible firm international agreement that all of these areas should forever be considered the property and the heritage of all peoples in common. One cannot *prove* that such a renunciation would be a better solution than retaining, at least formally, an unfettered right to independent action. But the idea is tenable.

Already the situation in Antarctica is that seven nations have staked out claims to sovereignty over some of its lands: they are Argentina, Australia, Chile, France, New Zealand, Norway, and the United Kingdom. The United States, which has carried out more active and extensive explorations and researches on the continent than any other state, refuses to recognize the validity of any of these claims and has refrained from making claims on its own behalf. Without going into the niceties of the international law on the subject, the legal position of the United States is probably sound. The United Kingdom tried to induce Chile and Argentina, whose territorial claims overlap hers, to submit the matter to the International Court of Justice, but they refused, and the Court can decide cases only when the parties consent. The Soviet Union murmurs about the voyages of Czarist explorers in the old time, but in general contents itself with saying that no solution in which it does not participate will be acceptable. In the meantime, it is consolidating its future position by maintaining and expanding the scientific stations it established during the IGY.

Despite the grandiloquent and vehement assertions of Argentina and Chile, it is hard to see how their national security would be prejudiced by internationalizing Antarctica under a United Nations regime. There are many precedents, nearest in time and most interesting (however abortive its execution) being the plan worked out before World War I for Spitzbergen, a large Arctic island with some natural resources and no indigenous population. Spitzbergen was in actual fact finally turned over to Norway, subject to some restrictions. While there is no such sole sovereign contender for the whole of Antarctica, neither are there as yet signs of that warm friendly wind needed to melt the icy barriers which traditional diplomacy raises up

against any complete internationalization under the UN. Nevertheless, the Washington Treaty of December 1 is an achievement of real importance, setting up a regime of complete demilitarization for thirty years. For the first time there is international agreement, in which the United States and the Soviet Union partake, for full and free inspection extending over all installations in Antarctica. The continent is denied to nuclear testing and to the disposal of nuclear waste. Existing or potential claims to sovereignty over any parts of the area are not prejudiced but are definitely shelved. A consultative machinery is established. Patience and friendliness in the IGY pattern are to be continued in at least this important area of scientific research.

If this treaty is ratified, pooled scientific resources will continue to extract from the frozen continent further information about weather, about radio communications, about the ionosphere, about the oceans, about the Earth itself, and all for the common good. In such a program, specialized agencies of the United Nations like the International Telecommunications Union and the World Meteorological Organization could facilitate exchange of weather information and avoid conflicts in communications. A successful experiment of this kind in Antarctica may well be positively valuable as showing the way to some of those further forms of international cooperation to which the world must move, if it moves forward at all, in connection with disarmament, aid to underdeveloped countries, and other matters.

The problems of international cooperation in outer space are more difficult chiefly because our ignorance is greater. If governments are afraid to buy a pig in a poke, they are equally leery of giving up the poke to the UN before knowing precisely what is inside. Nevertheless, the United States properly took the question to the United Nations, first in the context of disarmament negotiations and then, more broadly, by proposing that a preparatory committee make an appraisal of the scientific, legal, and organizational problems of regulation and use. Unhappily, the establishment of the UN committee was hampered by a not-unusual spat with the Soviet Union over parity of representation. The committee met with five members absent

and prepared a modest but illuminating report suggesting some of the questions concerning probable developments in outer space that ought to be of interest to the United Nations, and pointing out the existing international organizations which are or would be concerned with such developments—the International Telecommunications Union, for example.

Although the lawyers write a good deal about future legal problems in outer space such as the sovereignty of the moon, or what to do with the inhabitants of another planet, or where does air-space end and outer space begin, the UN committee did not find these problems urgent. It turned its practical eye rather on problems of identification and return of missiles or space vehicles and of indemnification for damage caused by such objects. The UN committee envisioned agreement on general freedom to explore or use outer space. It did not venture to discuss plans for a UN trusteeship, much less actual UN administration and control as this becomes physically possible and politically necessary. And so the committee did not need to answer the time-worn objection that "international administration has never worked." (The answer might be that neither has any other man-made method of control worked—in outer space.) Again we must take what comfort we can if the movements of governments are at least not retrogressive and if statecraft is alerted to the fact that it is no longer limited to Earth. Now a permanent UN committee has been set up.

It is curious, by the way, that in all the imaginative and popular writings about the subject not very much attention has been paid to outer space as a likely arena for "limited war." With the development of anti-missile missiles, and as the size, stability, and durability of satellites are enhanced, the chances are greater that conflicts over their actions will arise, conflicts of a deadly serious character to the governments involved but not necessarily likely to engender war fever in their populations.

We cannot let nature—including human nature—take its course. Tradition and national and professional prejudices can too easily lead to difficulties, stalemates, or worse. The course of internationalization of any area is bound to be perilous, for it violates old preferences; never-

theless, it is more passable than any of the old roads.

Unhappily, the non-governmental scientific channels of international cooperation, which a year ago seemed easily navigable, have become slightly clogged. Early in 1959, the Soviets informed the committee on space research of the International Council of Scientific Unions that they would not continue to cooperate with it in the extension of the work of the IGY until the Soviet bloc's representation was made larger. And it has been reported that the Soviets are blocking agreement in the International Telecommunications Union on what other members consider a forward-looking allocation of wave lengths for communications with satellites. Meanwhile, the Russians have given their names to spots on the Moon's bottom just as the map of Antarctica is dotted with names familiar and names half forgotten—Amundsen, Byrd, Ellsworth and Adelie, Belinghausen, Ronne. If better cameras follow soon in American satellites, we in turn may baptize other Moon mounds and depressions. Will anything anymore be as long as a *nine* days' wonder—unless it be a genuine agreement for international cooperation?

If space travel and the other exploitations of space were not so actual and their expansion so imminent, it would seem slightly ridiculous to pose international political problems in outer space. Unfortunately—or hopefully, as you prefer—it is none too soon to formulate the problems as swiftly as we can foresee them. The answers can be studied now; they are being studied at Columbia and elsewhere.

One wonders whether, like the still fabulous objects which human scientific skills have sent soaring above us, political agreements on international cooperation can rise above the tensions and rivalries that afflict Mother Earth. If human political intelligence makes such agreements work in Antarctica, as a start, we could be optimistic.

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Centering The Arts

by JACQUES BARZUN

Though not as yet recorded in the census, the multiplication of art centers throughout the country is an awe-inspiring fact. The name and the thing are now found on every hand. But what is it? There is an "art center" on a busy New York thoroughfare not far from where I live, which is a shop that sells frames, pigments, and inexpensive reproductions of the masters. In New England, art centers are often cooperative undertakings to exhibit local painters during the summer months. At colleges and universities, art centers may be simply buildings housing the study of one or more of the arts, or they may resemble the many city museums that now entice the public with paintings, music, motion pictures, and plays. Still more ambitious, the Lincoln Center in New York is to be a kind of vast emporium for the arts and so is the center projected in Washington.

Whatever may go on in an art center, its existence testifies to the reality of a deep cultural change in American life. Indeed, it is a revolution. The arts are no longer the pastime or delectation of a very few. Professional artists are growing in number and in public esteem; amateur performers of every kind number tens of thousands, and these mingle with a still larger number of viewers and listeners, who crowd the museums, throng the concerts and support the large industries of recordings, reproductions, and art books.

But what is decisive is that public opinion has accepted the arts as a part of normal life. The old taint of specialness or effeminacy is gone; official attention goes to our cultural output, just as public funds go to the support of museums, symphony halls, and "centers." And there the people expect to form new tastes or cultivate old ones. The city fathers are sensitive to the new demand—witness in New York City the battle over "free" Shakespeare, which aroused more passion than the discovery of fraud in the sale and inspection of meat. Clearest of symptoms, the young in college and outside now live and think under the powerful influence of art. They sing, and play, and paint, with no thought but

the pleasure and virtue of the activity itself. As careers for virtuosos become harsher—more competitive and less prosperous within the closed shop of organized bookings—art finds its true life in the doings of what I have elsewhere called the disciplined amateur.

All this suggests that if the surge of popular interest in the several arts is not to lower quality, and also divide the artistic minority into mutually indifferent sects, the "centers" that we hear and read so much about must be the unifiers their name implies. Their task is to strengthen and to polish the bursting talents and eager audiences.

It follows that we really need two kinds of art centers—centers of artistic performance and centers of artistic education. It might at first seem as if the two should be identical: is not the best artistic education provided by first-class performance? Yes and no. Performance is not an independent act. First-class work will be done only when it is desired by an audience able to recognize it. And recognition implies previous knowledge. Audiences (like the directors and managers of performance) must have been taught. Native taste will guide the gifted, but it cannot impart to them the theory, history, criticism, and philosophy of an art, which are prerequisite to wanting its best manifestations. What the country needs at this stage of its artistic fervor is an audience other than the haphazardly self-taught, and this implies leaders who combine an understanding of art in general with a professional capacity to perform or teach or direct in one of the arts in particular.

The place to do this teaching of audience and leaders is obviously the colleges and universities, where so many students already show their zest for the fine arts. The first step, therefore, should be to enlarge the conception of the liberal arts to include—the arts. It should be possible for an undergraduate to elect one or more of the fine arts as he now does the social sciences or the humanities. Why not round out the present offering of theory with studio work? The pattern is furnished by the sciences, which not only permit but require laboratory work. There would then be pre-fine-arts freshmen on a par with pre-engineers; there would be fine-arts majors

as devoted to their practical work as chemistry majors.

But just as the college which gives a liberal education to the future scientist, engineer, lawyer, or physician differs from the technical school, so the complete arts college should differ from the conservatory of music, the art school, and the drama school. Anyone who wants to practice an instrument eight hours a day or paint from daylight to dark inevitably excludes himself from college. He must go to a technical school. Given a certain temperament, it may even be right that he should do this for the public good, though at the expense of his mind.

This contrast between the demonic virtuoso and the educated professional marks the difference between the two types of art center I see as necessary. Again, in a town that contains the only artistic establishment within a radius of fifty miles, it is proper that an art center should devote itself to performance. Let the museum of art offer musical and theatrical evenings, vary its collection with traveling exhibits, and lend its walls and auditorium to amateur groups—painters, musicians, and actors. Such a center, quite often, will be found in a college town, at the college itself, where the interest in art is general and where the nucleus of professional talent is present as part of the faculty.

But in larger cities, and in the universities within or nearby, a division of labor is indicated. The university need not toil to feed the artistic appetites with amateur work, however improved. It can draw upon the city for the best examples of performance conceivable. It can also make use of the busy performers, from time to time, as visiting members of its teaching staff. Clearly, the university should concentrate on teaching, on education. Its art center should centralize knowledge and talent for the sake of those who may continue the tradition in one of many ways—as professional artists; as teachers of art; as directors of museums, art centers, festivals, and galleries; as disciplined amateurs of a given art; as scholars of the history and theory of art; or simply—and perhaps most importantly—as intelligent members of the Great Audience.

That division of labor is the one that commends itself as desirable in New York City, where the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts purposes to unite the highest artistic abilities for the widest audience, and where the Columbia University Arts Center purposes to give the highest artistic education to the widest

constituency of students, graduate and undergraduate. Such specialization, to be sure, need not exclude all performance from the educational institution or all teaching from the performers'. Rather, the separation of functions affords each the greatest freedom to concentrate, knowing it can rely on the other.

One question remains: What is the right curriculum for a University Arts Center defined in these terms? To this the only fit answer is that given by a particular faculty in the light of its long experience of teaching the arts—an experience that does not brush aside the broad hints implicit in the new social and cultural situation of the country. There is both room and need for pioneering.

A bystander, for example, might hope for a more comprehensive interpretation of the term artist than has been common in any art school of the past. Certainly it is a paradox that literacy in more than one art has been deemed impossible in the schools, while artists and critics assume—nay, demand—that the educated public shall possess it. And in theatre, opera, and much of broadcasting, which call for the collaboration of several arts, it is notorious that specialization has long been a cause of anarchy, mutual hostility, and consequent imperfection. For other reasons, too, one longs to see the ideal of the Commonwealth of Art—which that great scholar, the late Curt Sachs, so eloquently preached at Columbia itself—no longer remain merely an applauded catchphrase, but become a little bit of a reality, say, by fashioning an opera manager who doesn't hate music or a composer who understands the workings of the theatre and even of the human voice.

But all these visions are the proper concern of curriculum makers, whose business it always is to frame visions and turn innovations into commonplace. For the moment, visions are subordinate to the great fact that after centuries of dependency and conventionality in the pursuit of art, the United States is developing, if not its own genius, at least its own characteristic institution for the fostering of art—the centers of education and performance to which a spontaneous demand has given form and function.



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A Straight

Look

At the

Encyclopaedia Britannica

A most uncommon book review, in which a reader with the ordinary respect for fact and sense—and for that good, gray embodiment of them, the Britannica—makes some unsettling discoveries.

by HARVEY EINBINDER

I assume it is generally agreed that an encyclopaedia should be a convenient source of accurate information on a wide range of subjects, presented so that it can be understood by an educated but heterogeneous public. During almost two centuries of publication, from its initial three volumes in 1771 to its present twenty-four, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has aspired to just such comprehensive coverage of the domain of human knowledge. The hope of its editors was presumably summed up by Horace Hooper, who directed the *Encyclopaedia* during the period scholars consider its most fruitful, from 1898 through the 1920's: Hooper called the *Britannica*, succinctly, "a thorough library of knowledge." In their more enthusiastic moments, its publishers have ad-

vertised the *Britannica* as a sure and sober guide to lead the curious through the expanding universe of knowledge in the reliable way that Virgil guided Dante or Cook's once guided the discriminating traveller.

When friends first heard that I was engaged in a critical examination of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (my reason for starting this unlikely venture is another and an irrelevant story) they smiled indulgently. But when they saw that I was in earnest, their attitude changed; they were convinced that I had lost my wits and said so. It was at this point that I began to see that the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is more than an important reference work. It is an institution. Over the years it has come to represent the visible embodiment of scholarship, and for the general public it has become the last court of appeal in settling factual questions.

The famous Eleventh Edition of the *Britannica* was published fifty years ago and is considered the evolutionary zenith of the encyclopaedia as a work of reference. Widely acclaimed by scholars and the educated public, the Eleventh Edition was for its time a *tour de force* of cooperative scholarship. Regrettably, as its sales have increased, the quality of the *Encyclopaedia* has slowly, steadily declined since the Eleventh.

What no one seems to have noticed is how many of the articles in the current *Britannica* are one, two, or three generations old—an antiquarian aspect of the work not widely publicized. These articles may have been adornments once, but over the years changing viewpoints and new discoveries have diminished their authority somewhat and undermined their accuracy. Nor does it help matters that many of the Eleventh Edition entries appear now severely abridged. Obviously, condensation has been necessary because each year new material must be added to the *Britannica*, to keep abreast of the times.

Since the work's size has remained fixed since 1929, existing entries must be shortened or eliminated to make room for this material, and the squeeze has been tightest in the humanities, which in the past occupied a good deal more space.

At present the *Britannica* is "revised" continually and printed every year. In the past, editions were issued at an average interval of twenty-five years and remained in print until a new edition was ready. The last such was the Fourteenth, issued in twenty-four volumes in 1929. Its format, typography and editorial contents form the basis for the modern *Britannica*. So much of the present *EB* is an exact reprint of material first published in this edition of thirty years ago (the trouble is endemic to reference works) that it would be pointless to catalogue all of the repetitions, though they include presumably vintage biographies of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, and Woodrow Wilson.

It was after the Fourteenth Edition that the practice was adopted of revising the *Encyclopaedia* annually to keep it up-to-date. However, one begins to question the effectiveness of this revision when one discovers in the 1959 set an entry on Orestes Augustus Brownston, author of *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted*, complete with bibliography, but can find no record of the great treasury of paleolithic art, the Lescaux Cave Paintings, discovered in 1940. The article on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad in the 1959 *Britannica* lists freight and passenger revenue—for the year 1939. The entry on Armour & Co. gives the firm's assets for 1934, even though Armour is one of the largest business enterprises in the city of Chicago, where the *Encyclopaedia* is published.

The Eleventh Edition was issued in 1910-1911 in twenty-nine thick volumes; its (then) comprehensive articles and bibliographies are

a monument to the industry and intelligence of one group of editors. This does not, it seems to me, entirely justify the fact that a large number of major articles in the 1959 *Britannica* seem to be taken from this edition of fifty years ago. Examples: the entries on Dante, Chaucer, and Cervantes; Pope, Byron, Browning, Swift, and Swinburne; Goethe, Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Rimbaud; also, the articles on Leonardo, Raphael, Dürer, Titian, and Botticelli; ditto Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Wagner. As they now appear, edited or not, so many of these articles are pedestrian factual accounts that it is difficult to believe that they have been retained because of literary or critical excellence.

Even further back, during the nineteenth century, successive editions were sold on a subscription basis. Each volume was issued individually, beginning with the letter A; it took fourteen years, from 1875 to 1889, to complete the twenty-five volumes of the Ninth Edition. Antiquarians will be pleased to learn how many important articles in the current *Britannica* appear to come from this edition, which is, charitably, seventy-one years old. They include those on Sophocles, Aristophanes, and Pindar; Virgil, and Pascal; Milton, Thackeray, Congreve, Coleridge, and Shelley; the philosophers Leibnitz and Voltaire, as well as the artists Michelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Tintoretto, and Velázquez. To be sure, in the Ninth Edition these were leisurely essays, filled with illuminating commentary on the subject's times, amusing anecdotes, and lively personal comment on the part of the authors. In their contemporary form, they have been dehydrated (so to speak) to fit a smaller space, and the residue is most usually factual grit. Worse, too many such facts are likely to have been corrected by later research. A good case in point is the current autobiographical notice on Ruskin, which is taken from the Eleventh Edition of fifty years ago:

On April 10, 1848 . . . Ruskin was married at Perth to Euphemia Chalmers Gray, a lady of great beauty, of a family long intimate with the Ruskins. The marriage, we are told, was arranged by the parents of the pair, and was a somewhat hurried act. It was evidently ill-assorted, brought no happiness to either . . . No particulars of their life have been made public.

Not true. In 1947 the wall of secrecy that

had been placed around the married life of Ruskin by his parents and his followers was removed by the publication of Euphemia Gray's letters. These letters described Ruskin's love for Effie Gray as being, at least at first, "rampant and unmanageable," and make clear that he ardently pressed his suit in correspondence addressing her as "my mistress—my friend—my queen—my darling—my only love." Far from arranging the marriage, his parents did what they could to prevent it, but Ruskin was adamant. After the ceremony, Ruskin never consummated the marriage. The painful facts were set forth in Effie Gray's letter to her parents written on the eve of her flight from Ruskin:

The reason he did not make me his wife was because he was disgusted with my person the first evening on 10th April . . . Then he said that after six years, he would marry me [her euphemism] when I was twenty-five. This last year we spoke about it. He then said as I professed quite a dislike to him that it would be SINFUL to enter into such a connexion . . .

Whatever the *Britannica* might choose to say about all this, what it does say ought at least to be accurate.

A good many people believe that an encyclopaedia is primarily a source of factual information and that it is unreasonable to expect anything more than facts from it. Still, the *Britannica's* reputation has been built in large part by the distinguished figures—many of them literary men—who contributed memorable articles to its pages: Walter Scott, Thomas De Quincey, Macaulay, Swinburne, and Bernard Shaw, among others, as well as Huxley, Freud, Einstein, and Madame Curie. Some of these contributions have become literary classics, such as Macaulay's essay on Johnson, which is read in many high schools. A number of these famous articles are still retained by the *Britannica*, presumably because of stylistic excellence at least. Advertisements of sixty years ago widely publicized Gladstone's statement that "to own a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is to acknowledge one's self as recognizing the best there is in literature." If today the *Britannica* is used primarily as a source of facts by high school students and not as the medium for a liberal education, this seems to be the result of its editorial decay, not its inherent limitations as a storehouse

of fact.

The effect of emphasizing factual material is illustrated by the articles on Shakespeare and Milton. Although the entry on Shakespeare is twenty pages long, it presents no discussion of his plays. Five pages are devoted to a chronology of his work, and four pages trace the history of Shakespearean scholarship, but there is no analysis of the plays and no description of the salient characteristics of their author's dramatic genius. Although the article on Shakespeare contains more than 30,000 words, it fails to quote a single line from any of the plays.

In treating *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, the entry on Milton merely states:

Of these three poems and what they reveal of Milton no need here to speak at length. *Paradise Lost* is one of the few monumental works of the world . . .

Then, in a single sentence this epic of 10,500 lines is summarized and its poetic excellence characterized. This futile attempt was made when the article was published more than seventy-five years ago in the Ninth Edition. The original article was almost twice as long as the present entry, by the way, but succeeding editors have condensed it into a dry factual account.

Among the literary articles, a few in the current edition, such as those on Marlowe, Ibsen, and Kafka, refresh the reader by their brisk style and sharp insight. Most writers and artists must be content with businesslike biographical notices. It might be claimed that an encyclopaedia should not contain literary criticism. If this were true, there might be no entry on Homer, whose life is lost in legend, and none on Lucretius, whose personal history is likewise obscure; yet the *Britannica* prints a ten-page article on Homer that includes a detailed literary critique of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. By the same token, there is a two-page article on Lucretius devoted to an analysis of his philosophical poem "On the Nature of Things." However, in a more customary vein, the *Britannica* acknowledges that Dostoevsky in his last novels "gave his full measure as one of the greatest novelists of all times," but says nothing of the imposing characters who fill the world of these novels.

One doubts that an encyclopaedia can claim to represent modern scholarship when it continues to reprint a nineteenth century biography of Galileo containing the fanciful legend that Galileo disproved the ancient philosophers' theory of falling bodies by dropping weights from the Leaning Tower of Pisa. This picturesque story has been discredited by historians of science, who point out that these experiments are not reported in any of Galileo's writings or in those of his contemporaries. The first account of this famous "experiment" was given by Viviani in 1654, more than sixty years after it was supposed to have occurred. (What Viviani did not know was that a friend of Galileo had dropped weights from the Leaning Tower and discovered that they did *not* fall to the ground in the same time.)

In music the *Britannica* relies heavily on the contributions of Sir Donald Francis Tovey, surely one of the most perceptive music critics of the last generation. He prepared a host of articles on a wide range of musical subjects for the Eleventh and the Fourteenth Editions. Despite the lapse of time, more than forty of his articles appear in the present edition of the *Encyclopaedia*, including the entries on Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner, as well as those on Harmony, Sonata Forms, the Symphony, and a major part of the general article on Music. Many of Tovey's articles are masterly—those on Bach and Beethoven are instances. This does not mean that his contributions are beyond criticism or editorial improvement. Thus, in the lengthy article on Mozart, Tovey discusses only Mozart's vocal music, completely neglecting his symphonies, concertos, and chamber music.

Approaching the music of our own time, the *Britannica* becomes downright silly. Thus, its tiny article on Gustav Mahler describes him as having been primarily a conductor; one would never guess that Mahler's nine symphonies are a major landmark in the evolution of the romantic symphony. The biographical notice on Vaughan Williams lists none of his compositions written after 1926; yet his most memorable music was composed after this date—*Job*, *A Masque for Dancing*; and his *Fourth*, *Fifth*, and *Sixth Symphonies*. Despite the growing fame of Vaughan Williams, the only change that has been made in his entry during the last thirty years has been

to record the date of his death. The article on Music states that "five years after his death, Bartok was generally regarded as superior in many ways to almost every composer of his time," but *his* biographical entry is only sixteen lines long; it names only two of his works, *Bluebeard's Castle* and the *Miraculous Mandarin*, and does not mention his quartets, although they are probably the most important chamber music since Beethoven.

It is not only contemporary composers with original tendencies who are thus slighted by the august *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Sibelius, who may only be rivalled by Richard Strauss as the most renowned conservative composer of the twentieth century, receives a tiny note of thirteen lines; there is only space to identify him as a composer and state a few biographical facts; his musical compositions are not discussed.

Among the articles on history that are substantially fifty years old are those on Alexander the Great and Constantine the Great, Christopher Columbus, William Penn, the Council of Trent, the Waterloo and Napoleonic Campaigns, as well as those on the Protestant reformers Calvin, Wycliffe, Wesley, and Knox. In some cases they are reprinted virtually without change, as in the fifteen-page entry on the Napoleonic Wars, which describes in meticulous detail the military marches and countermarches of the French armies across Europe. The article on the Waterloo campaign repeats the story that after the flight of Napoleon from that city, the Duke of Wellington and Field Marshall Blucher met on the battlefield at "La Belle Alliance" at 9:15 p.m. However, this report is contradicted by Wellington, who states categorically in his *Supplementary Dispatches* that they met at about 10:00 p.m. in the village of Genappe. The Duke adds: "Anyone who attempts to describe the operation of the different armies will see that it could not be otherwise."

The *Encyclopaedia* reports that the exact date of Christopher Columbus' birth is unknown. It gives two possible dates, 1446 and 1451; it has been definitely shown by historians that he was born between the 25th of August and the end of October in 1451. The *Britannica* also states that the only authentic portrait of Columbus is in the possession of the de Orchi family. This painting shows the explorer with a round head

and brown eyes, whereas contemporary observers recorded that Columbus had a *long* face and *blue* eyes. The fact is, no authentic portrait of Columbus is known.

Even to an alert citizen who reads *The New York Times* the *Britannica* seems embarrassingly uninformed about modern archaeology. In 1894 Sir Arthur Evans began to uncover the legendary Palace of King Minos in Crete. During his excavations he discovered several hundred clay tablets covered with a strange script. For more than two generations these tablets remained indecipherable and a vexing riddle to scholars. Then, in 1952, a brilliant thirty-year-old architect, working in his spare time, managed to unravel this form of Minoan, known as the Linear B script. Without the aid of a bilingual text, young Michel Ventris identified the Linear B script as a form of archaic Greek. This recovery of the language of Ancient Crete has been aptly called "the Everest of Greek Archaeology." It was announced in a bold three-column headline on the front page of *The New York Times*: "Tablets Antedating Homer Deciphered." This triumphant event in the history of linguistics is not, I'm sorry to say, mentioned in the *Britannica's* article on Aegean Civilization; instead, one reads:

History of an inferential and summary sort only can be derived in the absence of written records. The latter do, indeed, exist in the case of Cretan civilization and in great number; but they are undeciphered and likely to remain so, except in the improbable event of the discovery of a long bilingual text, partly couched in some familiar script and language.

Yet surprisingly enough, the *Britannica* provides a biographical entry on Michel Ventris that describes this feat of linguistics, but there is nothing that would lead a layman from the article on Aegean Civilization in the first volume to the biography of Ventris that appears in the twenty-third.

The only information in the *Encyclopaedia* on another momentous, fairly recent discovery, the Dead Sea Scrolls, appears in several scattered references that hardly explain the Scrolls' capital importance for Palestinian archaeology and Biblical scholarship. The Dead Sea Scrolls include a Hebrew text of Isaiah that is 2,000 years old: it antedates by a thousand years the traditional Masoretic text, yet its existence is not even

mentioned in the article on the Manuscripts of the Bible.

Oddly, although space may not be available for a separate article on the Dead Sea Scrolls, the *EB* is meticulous on geography: a host of small cities and towns are given individual notices, not only the Canton in China, but also the Cantons in Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio; Dover in England as well as the Dovers in Delaware, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Ohio. Electra, Texas (pop. 5,000), and Branford, Connecticut (pop. 2,500), receive entries. One can only assume that this sort of thing sells a good many encyclopaedias—to somebody. It might not have done so to Gladstone.

Not infrequently, I'm glad to say, the *Britannica* is funny—as when the private life of Charlemagne is described as follows: "Though a devoted husband to three of his four wives, he had illegitimate offspring by five mistresses." Sound advice is offered in the essay on Calligraphy:

The pressure of life today tells heavily against decent handwriting. Writing too much and therefore too quickly we corrupt the shape and become accustomed to low standards. We may find a way out by practicing two hands: a rough scribble and a ceremonial script . . . To inculcate a good modern current hand, Mr. Hewitt's *Oxford Copy Books* are to be recommended.

And this glad prognosis comes from the article on the Classics:

Although the Classics no longer enjoy their old monopoly in education, the study of the Greek and Latin writers seems to flourish as vigorously as it has done at any time, and at the present moment, so far as the evidence goes, the prospects of classical scholarship as an indispensable force in education appear to be singularly bright.

This may explain why the entry on Sophocles quotes four lines in untranslated Greek. Those who read Latin will find ample opportunity to exercise their skill; the article on Horace contains fifty lines of his verse in Latin without translation.

Perhaps the reasons for some of its editorial peculiarities can be inferred from the *Britannica*'s business arrangements. Herman Kogan reports in *The Great EB* that authors who are invited to contribute to the *Britannica* are paid at the rate of two cents per word. In spite of war

and inflation the rate has remained unchanged since 1929. Thus, the *Britannica* pays the author of a 1,000-word article the grand sum of \$20.

One understands this sort of thing to be necessary among the non-profit scholarly journals, but the *Britannica*'s frugal editorial policy is hardly the result of harsh economic necessity. Under the skillful management of its publisher, Mr. William Benton, its sales have mounted steadily until they are expected to exceed \$70,000,000 for the current year. The annual budget for advertising alone, according to a *New York Times* interview with Mr. Benton, is \$3,000,000, and the *Britannica*'s sales staff includes two thousand full-time salesmen who sell the encyclopaedia from door to door. Mr. Benton has stated publicly that quite a number of his salesmen earn as much as \$20,000 a year, while district sales managers earn about \$70,000.

It is ironical that, as a result of his travels, the principal owner of the *Britannica* has acquired a deep interest in the welfare of the hard-pressed American scientist and educator. During a recent visit to the USSR, Mr. Benton discovered that high rates are paid to the scientists and specialists who provide the brains behind the striking military and technological feats of the Soviet Union. Aroused, Mr. Benton has spoken up about the plight of the underpaid scientist and educator in America and repeatedly urged action to correct their unfortunate situation. But if the scholarly virtues are to be both served and paid for, it would seem as though someone ought to examine the unsatisfactory state of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. It might be concluded that if the *EB* is to resume its authority and usefulness of fifty years ago, a major portion of its profits will have to be re-invested in an ambitious program of editorial revision. Such enlightened action might do more to advance American education than further speeches and statements about the challenge of Soviet science and technology.



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MAKING INFLATION ILLEGAL

by **HOWARD D. MARSHALL**

An account (in English) of the most widely credited cures for our condition, and the trouble with each.

Everyone knows the story of the man who wrote his Congressman that if inflation was caused by the law of supply and demand it was time Congress repealed the law. No economist or legislator has proposed such a simple and direct means of combatting inflation, but a number of ingenious legal proposals have gone as far as the newspaper headlines in past months.

Perhaps the proposal closest to a direct repeal of the law of supply and demand is the suggestion to suspend it by imposing controls over prices and wages. President Eisenhower has hinted several times that the failure of business and labor to restrain their appetites would make drastic action necessary in the form of direct government control. Traditionally suspicious of all price controls, consumers believe that these controls almost inevitably cause a deterioration in the quality of many goods and the virtual disappearance of low-priced goods. (Ask the man who didn't own one about the availability of two-dollar shirts during World War II.) Most economists view price controls as a tem-

porary palliative rather than a cure and argue that to effectively curb inflation by such measures all prices must be controlled and a system of rationing imposed as well. In short, price controls are feared because people think they may spell an end to our free price system.

Our experience with controls during and immediately after World War II was not an unqualified success, but neither was it the complete failure some of its critics have suggested. Partial success, however, should not always encourage regular use. Because of our national distaste for government regulation, price controls work best when the urgency of a crisis produces in the consuming public a strong patriotism with a concomitant willingness to curb personal wants for the common good. The trouble with our present inflation is that it is likely to remain a menace for a good many years to come. Over long periods of time the hot fires of patriotism are chilled by protracted cold war and the sparks of self-sacrifice grow fewer and lie lower. When this happens black markets develop: sales are made under the counter and over the ceiling. It is understandable, then, that the threats of controls by this Administration have remained vague and muted and have proven little more effective than a mother's first "don't" to a spoiled child.

The fact that such controls have even been hinted at is a confession of failure of the more traditional means of combatting inflation, the manipulation of monetary and (more recently) fiscal policy. But many economists think that this failure has been due not so much to the inherent weaknesses of these devices as to the manner in which they have been employed. President Eisenhower recommended to the 1959 Congress an amendment to the Full Employment Act of 1946 which would make it obligatory for the government to take economic action in periods of inflation as well as in times of unemployment. In order to assess the effectiveness of such an amendment a few words about monetary and fiscal policy are in order.

Monetary policy is the control exercised by the Federal Reserve Banks over the commercial banks and the money supply. In the 1930's it was of no great use. All attempts at making credit easier failed in the face of the unwilling-

ness of businessmen to borrow or of banks to lend. Hence it was generally agreed that monetary policy was going to be more effective, in the future, as a means of controlling inflation than it had been in controlling depression. But the experience of the past few years has disillusioned many economists about the effectiveness of monetary policy even during periods of inflation. While part of this disillusionment stems from excessively high expectations as to what monetary policy could do, it must be conceded that monetary policy has its serious limitations. Some have charged that attempts to tighten credit discriminate against small businesses (which are unable to finance themselves from their own profits as big businesses may and hence are more dependent upon outside sources, such as the banks, for capital) or that these attempts accomplish little. The Federal Reserve may tighten credit to a fare-thee-well, but there are a large number of financial institutions, such as the insurance companies, that are outside the jurisdiction of the Federal Reserve and large amounts of excess reserves may enable the commercial banks to flout the dictates of the central bank.

To these criticisms some Federal Reserve officials have (somewhat reluctantly) agreed. Their defense is to say that the Federal Reserve is not omnipotent and to point with pride to those times when monetary policy worked well, as in 1950-55. Perhaps the Federal Reserve authorities might be more successful in checking rising prices if they were not distracted by the memory of 1929, when a sharp tightening of credit was followed by the great disaster. "Tight" money policies risk increasing unemployment at times when unemployment rolls are already too long. In contrast to those economists who argue that monetary policy is largely ineffective, some critics have claimed that the Federal Reserve's medicine is too strong or is inappropriately applied. The criticism is common that to check inflation is to check economic growth. This criticism is *more* common in recent years because of our inordinate preoccupation with economic growth. Our preoccupation has been confirmed by a number of forces, not the least of which has been the example of economic growth in the Soviet Union. Added to this has been a concern expressed by some economists

that economic growth may be impossible to maintain unless prices rise one to three per cent annually. Our use of monetary policy is still not refined to the point where we can be certain of cutting away fat without also destroying some muscle.

How effective is fiscal policy—government spending—in combatting inflation? One of the ironies of government finance is that, after learning to make use of taxation and spending to control swings in the business cycle, we have had so little opportunity to employ them. The “business cycle” has been absorbed into inflation. Government finance over the past two decades, for most countries including the United States, can more appropriately be termed war finance. Certainly it is no secret to even the casually informed citizen that approximately seventy per cent of the Federal budget is devoted to paying for past, present or possible future wars. These gigantic outlays reinforce Congress’ pronounced willingness to vote increased expenditures sooner than increased taxes. Indeed, many of the postwar years presented us with the spectacle of Congress deploring the magnitude of the President’s budget, only to increase appropriations still more before adjourning.

Even if we ignore the limitations to both monetary and fiscal policy noted above, we must remember that such legislation as President Eisenhower suggests, calling for appropriate action by the Federal Government in periods of inflation, can succeed only if there is some political courage on the part of the officials responsible for *doing* whatever is called for in such legislation. There seems no reason to expect any sudden outbreak of fortitude in this regard, but without it, the beneficial effects upon the general public’s confidence in the seriousness of the government’s intent to check inflation—a point frequently urged in favor of making a specific commitment in a revised version of the Employment Act—will be nil. Indeed, the result might be a greater rather than a lessened feeling by the public that inflation is inevitable. (The phrase is almost a public maxim already.) But then there seems to be little agreement about what constitutes an appropriate policy by the government anyway. Anyone who followed the 1958 discussion among economists about the

right policy to deal with that year’s combination of inflation and excessive unemployment will know what I mean.

As consistent readers of the more conservative magazines and newspapers know, there is still a small but highly vociferous minority of economists who urge a return to that simple past when gold was king and all was right with the world. These economists by-pass the difficulties that the gold standard might have and did produce during the 1930’s and the 1940’s and instead hark back to any earlier period in history when economic life was less complex and the gold standard operated satisfactorily. Their goal is to achieve a sound currency by limiting the ability of the banks to expand and of the government to spend. By making gold available to foreigners and citizens alike it is thought that any rise in prices would produce a demand for gold; and, since the banks would operate on the basis of their gold supply, any reduction in their holding of gold would force them to contract credit. These economists are willing to expose the economy to alternate waves of prosperity and depression—the business cycle *par excellence*—in response to movements in the supply of gold. Whether a return to the gold standard would promote price stability, as its supporters claim, is highly questionable; what is more important is that success by means of a gold standard might well lead to eventual catastrophe—a hampering of our defense and foreign aid commitments.

Thus far we’ve dealt with legal remedies designed to control the traditionally accepted cause of inflation—excess purchasing power when there are too few goods and services in relation to demand. But there are two general ways to look at inflation, and the opposite of the “cost-push” image is the “demand-pull” image. Blame has been placed separately or jointly upon the large business corporations that are able to set administered prices or upon powerful labor unions that demand wage increases in excess of productivity increases, and “force” businesses to raise prices to consumers.

Now, there is abundant evidence to support the view that large corporations have considerable latitude in setting and maintaining high prices independent of the current market situa-

tion. The boost in steel prices in the summer of 1958 is an obvious case in point. At the time they increased prices, most companies were operating at fifty per cent or less of capacity.

In many other instances, however, giant companies have been extremely reluctant to raise prices. Whether the motive is the hope of long-range profits, the fear of public scrutiny and Congressional investigation, or a newly acquired social conscience, the fact remains that many large concerns have refrained from charging what the market would bear.

But then resisting the temptation to raise prices may lead to reductions in the number of small competitors. To illustrate: there is considerable evidence that the 1958 increase in steel prices could have been foregone by the large companies such as US Steel, but that foregoing it would have spelled economic disaster for the smaller firms in the industry. Thus large firms are damned if they do and damned if they don't: when they raise prices they are "adding fuel to the inflationary flames" and when they do not they are "controlling prices in such a manner as to destroy small business."

Not all of the defenses offered by spokesmen for big business are equally persuasive. To say, for example, that inflation is a problem which antedates the maturity of big business, and that therefore there can be no causal relation between the two, is like arguing that lung cancer occurred before cigarettes and thus no interconnection can be traced. Nor is the argument convincing that price increases are necessary as a means of raising capital. We have already noted that a large firm's internal financing may evade the intended effect of monetary policy. It might be better for all concerned if large firms relied more heavily on the capital markets rather than on the consumer as a source of capital funds.

Unfortunately, exasperated charges against the pricing policies of big business are much more frequently heard than are constructive proposals for mitigating the problem. If government action against business is to be taken, it must follow either of two lines: either some form of price controls must be instituted, with all of the drawbacks noted earlier, or legislation authorizing an extensive anti-monopoly program designed to break the market power of giant firms must be adopted. While much might

be said in favor of the latter program (particularly by those economists still enamoured with the early models of perfect competition), uncertainties as to the possible effects upon the economy's productivity and efficiency make such action extremely unlikely.

The defenders of business pricing behavior have resembled the dog owner involved in a law suit charging his dog with biting a neighbor: the owner claimed that (1) he owned no dog (2) the dog never bit the plaintiff and (3) the plaintiff wasn't seriously injured. Thus business spokesmen have denied that big business has been guilty of raising prices, or denied that the increases have been significant in setting the general price level. No one so far has denied the existence of inflation but a number have claimed it to be someone else's dog. More specifically, ownership has been assigned to the labor unions.

Unions have made tremendous gains in membership within the past twenty-five years: from containing a highly concentrated ten per cent of the labor force they have expanded to the extent that now nearly thirty per cent of the labor force has union affiliation, while many major industries are practically one hundred per cent organized. This impressive increase in strength has enhanced the fear that unions could and do impose wage increases in excess of productivity gains. The result is supposed to be that all or part of such increases are reflected in higher consumer prices. Labor unions are supposed to be a kind of built-in unstabilizer. Whether unions do seriously distort wage levels and, in turn, general price levels is still not a settled question in the minds of all economists.

The idea of wage controls is just as unwieldy and disagreeable as the idea of price controls, even to those most convinced that unions are guilty as charged. Wage controls (which would be a necessary part of any long-term system of price controls) would be, as our experience during World War II illustrates, enormously difficult to enforce. An ingenious alternative has been proposed by Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith. In effect, his scheme is to prohibit any employer who grants a wage increase from raising his prices for a six-month period thereafter. This prohibition, Galbraith hopes, would stiffen the

resistance of management to wage increases and thereby deter unions from making excessive demands.

Even if one ignores the practical political difficulty of enacting such legislation over the ferocious protests of both business and labor, one is faced with a number of doubts. Assuming that unions indeed have the power to compel employers to pay excessive increases in wages, there is no assurance that the Galbraith proposal would convince unions of the futility of such demands in the future. Unions have grown so used to crying "exorbitant profits," it is quite possible that they would continue to press for higher wages at the expense of these profits. The result could be a disastrous series of crippling strikes, which would produce costly shortages, which in turn would enhance inflation. It is more likely that the Government, as it did during World War II, would make exceptions to avoid paralyzing strikes. The pressure for higher wages proving irresistible, employers would appeal to the Government for relief. One exception would lead to others. To be effective, the plan, despite its author's protestations to the contrary, would probably have to include some of the objectionable features of any price control system. Finally, unless provisions for all kinds of special circumstances were made, serious interference with the allocative functions of a free pricing system would result.

Other, more drastic, suggestions for coping with the "monopoly power of unions" have received greater publicity. There has been the proposal that we subject unions to the same anti-trust laws that govern business corporations. Whatever the merits or demerits of this idea, it is irrelevant as a control over inflation unless anti-trust action is to be taken each time a union demands wages in excess of what the employer is willing or able to pay. And who is to judge?

Some supporters of this proposal suggest that unions could be restricted to single plant bargaining so as to limit their strength. But despite the oft-expressed fears of the power of multi-plant or multi-employer bargaining, there is little evidence to support the conclusion that wages have risen more sharply by this than by bargaining with single units. Fragmenting the unions might accomplish little if they continued

to cooperate among themselves, and attempts to prevent them from doing this would produce a remedy worse than the original ill. Drastic remedies should always receive careful consideration before enactment and this one calls for particularly careful analysis. Without question, an enormous increase in bargaining power would be given to employers. Union leaders who remember earlier decades can view these proposals with justifiable horror.

Another check upon unions that has been urged as a preventative of inflation is the "right-to-work laws." These would have less effect on union bargaining power than would the previous proposal, even under the most rigorous enforcement. In fact, it is highly questionable whether these laws would do anything to undermine the economic power of unions. It is possible that any reduction in the security of a union would make its demands even more excessive! Many students of industrial relations believe that it is the insecure union that must make immoderate demands in order to justify its existence to members.

My summary should not be interpreted as meaning that any and all attempts at checking inflation are doomed to failure. Many dire assertions have been made about the costs of inflation; what must also be understood is the nature of the costs involved in halting it. Inflation, like sin, is publicly deplored but secretly practiced. Labor unions, businessmen, farmers, politicians and the consuming public all have added their particular pressure to the current of higher prices. Even economists steeped in Keynesian economics and the memory of the 1930's have hesitated to urge checking inflation lest the result be another major depression. The cost of inflation is great. We must decide how much we are willing to pay to prevent its becoming a permanent way of life.



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AT THE GRAVE OF STANISLAVSKY OR HOW TO DIG THE METHOD



The dominant *technical* ideas in our theater today seem to produce the same play, over and over. The meaning & malarkey in The Method . . .

by THEODORE HOFFMAN

No other art is more anxious than the theater to proclaim its unbroken links with tradition, and no other art is more subject to radical change. Every quarter century acting styles shift so completely that a large number of competent craftsmen become permanently out of date and out of work; the genuinely good ones survive, as the Lunts, Katherine Cornell, Helen Hayes, and Judith Anderson are doing today, as admirable relics whose influence on the rising generation of actors is negligible. The new style proclaims its monopoly on reality and rejects the old as stale and artificial.

These days the American theater is witnessing the triumph of a new acting technique that is so convinced of its own superiority that it even calls itself *The Method* and its practitioners' most obsessive catchword is "truth." The Method has so completely won over or intimidated the theatrical profession that even its enemies learn to use its working vocabulary, and its success can be measured by the amount of trouble audiences have in identifying The Method without a scorecard.

It is possible, of course, to tell when you're observing Method actors, but it's easier when the actors are bad Method actors. Method actors seem more intense than others. They like to get close to each other (closer than the traditional

arm's-length). They are apt to speak low when there is distance between them and loud when they are close to each other. There is a tautness in their voices which makes them inaudible or gratingly monotonous. They don't seem to move much, and when they do it is with rapid, spasmodic movements. They like to scratch themselves, rub their arms, brush their hair, count their buttons. They keep on doing these things even when other actors are the center of attention. They seem to alternate between assaulting each other and retreating into themselves. They like to play scenes wherever they choose, frequently in odd pockets of the stage. They apparently don't like to deliver lines towards the audience.

All the characters in a Method production seem to be gifted with similar voice levels and similar speech patterns, and they all behave alike. The play grips one at every moment, but seems to go on forever. There are long pauses between lines. When a piece of business like lighting a cigarette or pouring a drink comes up, the play seems to stop while the actor carefully examines the cigarette to find out what brand it is or looks for germs on the glass. One gets the impression that a great deal is happening to the characters but one isn't always sure just what. And in the end one gets a kind of cheated feeling, as if the actors were going through all that rigamarole for their own pleasure and really weren't the least bit interested in communicating anything to the audience.

But this is merely to catalogue The Method's clichés, which can also be taken as the mistakes, aberrations, and botched experiments that must somehow or other be gone through on the way to genuine achievement. Phony diction, gratuitous grace, arbitrary movements, forced timing, inconsistent characterization, and spurious elation defined the badness of the newly old-fashioned "technique" acting. We can only judge the theory of an art by its successes, not by its failures. The Method at its best possesses an artistic apparatus which is large and complex enough to produce a rich kind of art, and whether we are sympathetic toward it or not its practitioners are responsible for most of the vital work in our theater today.

What is The Method? It is a monument to the great Russian actor and director, Constantin

Stanislavsky, its deified founding father. It is a series of refinements, off-shoots, and, if you will, corruptions of the theories he developed to counteract what he regarded as the stale, mechanical, unreal techniques of acting he wished to sweep away. What he sought was a system that trained students in character analysis and provided rehearsal procedures that would enable actors to capture the essence of great acting.

He developed his techniques while working as director of the Moscow Art Theater, which he helped to found. He hesitated to spell out and publish his theories because he believed in experiment and hated dogma. His writing is incomplete and in fact represents an attempt to add to the recognized crafts of acting. His work should be valued as one of the most earnest attempts ever made to extend the imagination of the practicing artist. It is also true that he never intended to originate a complete new system of acting. A leading lady of the theater, Helen Hayes, is reported to have remarked that The Method is all right if you also happen to know how to act. She expressed more understanding of Stanislavsky than one hears from most of the idolators she meant to chide.

The foundation of The Method rests on one book, *An Actor Prepares*, published here in 1938, of which Stanislavsky said: "Don't mention this book to me; and never give it to a student!"—he had prepared a completely revised version, which, incidentally, has never appeared in English. Stanislavsky recognized that a great actor frequently seems to have an instinctive knowledge of all of life. He also realized that many actors, particularly students, simply do not know enough about life or are unable to use effectively what they have observed and experienced. *An Actor Prepares* is a kind of fictional description of the paternally playful exercises a teacher (who is clearly Stanislavsky himself) devises for his students so that they may recreate and simulate for themselves the various experiences of life. He intended such training to prepare the actor for the real work of using external techniques to create characters on the stage who are complex and whose actions are plausible and perfectly based on life. But this intention didn't become apparent until the belated publication of the surviving chapters of an incomplete sequel, *Building a Character* (1948)

and *Stanislavsky on the Art of the Stage* (1950), which is not by Stanislavsky at all but is only a series of notes and impressions by his students and colleagues. Both books reveal a man whose knowledge of psychology, whose belief in the use of externals, and whose reliance on the conventional practices of directing were greater than *An Actor Prepares* might lead one to believe.

The Method is often called "internal" acting, and its most ardent acolytes tend to describe any other kind of acting as "external," as if that were a dirty word. The main psychological tenet of The Method is that each man is somehow universal and that the actor can find the ingredients of any role within his own personality, and use them to transform himself into the character he wishes to play. His aim, of course, is to "feel" this character, and the educational genius of Stanislavsky's system lies in its provision for beginning exercises that make few demands on the rational intellect. The basic exercises can be done effectively by totally untalented people.

The Method tends to permit an actor to judge his performance by the intensity and comfort of his own experience while playing. This has led some actors to believe that the sole measure and intent of acting is personal psychotherapy. It has also resulted in a kind of dislocation of the empathy theory. It is the actor himself who holds attention, and audiences have tended to judge him not by his success in creating a plausible character but by the degree to which he convinces them that he "believes" in the character. The approach has also changed rehearsal techniques, since an actor is likely to inform a director who suggests a stage movement that "it doesn't feel right" or that the character "just wouldn't do that."

Method rehearsal recalls the anthropological notion that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." The actors bring characters to life by going through all the basic techniques in "belief" that comprise The Method curriculum: "sense memory" exercises in which relative personal experience is relived; "communication" exercises in which an attempt is made to explain things to other actors who practice "concentration"; even "animal" exercises in which the basic rhythms and behavior of the animal most resembling a particular human character are acted out. The

whole training involves trying on different characters like so many suits of clothes, and its aim is to achieve a shamanistic ability to create a second, coexistent identity for oneself that can grow its own fully biographical personality with or without recourse to the play.

Character relationships develop through "improvisations," theoretical situations that the actors "live" their way through. Advanced Method acting uses scene work but treats the text as a mere scenario. Characters are based only loosely on the text, and since the scene is played so that the behavior of the characters progresses "honestly," the playwright's style, meaning, and form can be mutilated beyond recognition.

In actual production it is the director's duty to see that the actors' inventions are faithful to the play, but Method directors often unconsciously revert to the classroom, which is why some Method productions are justly described as "studio exercises"; they recall the absurd sight, common in acting classes, of talented students immersed for incredible lengths of time in a state of infantile solemnity, trying to feel like trees or trolls. The current fashion of catharsis through transcendental belief operates even here, and there is more parable than philistinism in the cartoon which shows a beat young lady pointing through a broken upper-story window and explaining to several puzzled policemen: "Then they decided to dig being soft, fluffy snowflakes."

At first glance The Method seems to concentrate so much power in the actors that the director ought to be only an administrative idea man. And, to be sure, some Method directors will suggest that a production just grows through letting "believable" characters "live." Actually the good Method directors have succeeded in making a greater reputation for themselves than the good Method actors, by impressing on productions the stamp of their own imagination. The work of Elia Kazan, who is probably the greatest talent in the American theater today, is identifiable by extravagant staging that in other hands would be branded "theatrical," another dirty word in The Method's vocabulary. Harold Clurman and Robert Lewis make efficient use of the same principles of dynamic form that guide pre-Method directing. The better

Method directing, in fact, attempts to use The Method to make "truthful" the staging styles of the past.

The fact is, no director can by direct explanation or demonstration get an actor to do exactly what he wants; one might say that the director's job is to tell an actor to do the particular thing the director *does not* want him to do that will get him to do the particular thing the director *does* want him to do. The actor must do the acting himself and the director who demonstrates movements too precisely or "gives" line readings gets inaccurate or wooden results even from the best actors, which partly explains why many good actors make bad directors and why good directors need not be good actors.

The director's job is to find a vocabulary that communicates his ideas to the actor in a way that appeals not to the actor's logical comprehension but to his craft imagination. The director deals with the actor's means of acting. There is, in fact, a fatal paralysis that occurs in acting if the actor gets too perfect a picture of what he should be doing. It prevents him from acting, just as the patient who gets too rational a picture of the traumatic roots of his problem cannot be treated by the psychoanalyst because he becomes incapable of reliving and exorcizing the experience. Pianists who let their mind dwell too precisely on the incredibly small variations of time and pressure that make the difference between good and superb playing sometimes find that they cannot play at all.

The Method director makes use of terminology that converts the actor's techniques into a performance. He begins by finding a relatively simple theme, or image, or goal, or parable, or proverb that somehow sums up the play and can be broken down or played upon to guide the actors in finding useful motivations for the various scenes of the play. Since basic character in The Method is a relatively static affair, the action of the play is conceived as a matter of goals for which the word "objectives" is used. "Objectives" are thought of as the infinitives of transitive verbs. *Hamlet*, for example, might be directed along the lines of "to save Denmark," and the characters assigned "objectives" that direct their behavior towards this end. Hamlet may be given "to cleanse the country of corruption"; Claudius, "to organize power pragmatically"; Gertrude,

"to make everyone happy"; Polonius, "to keep things running smoothly"; Horatio, "to preserve dignity"; Ophelia, "to marry well," and so forth.

The Method director next proceeds to break the play down into units, or "beats," which have nothing to do with rhythm. Each "beat" has its own directorial "objective"; Hamlet's talk with the Ghost might be seen as: "to provide instruction," or "to frighten Hamlet," or "to confuse the issue," or "to introduce religion." Hamlet and the Ghost are given "objectives" that fit the scene and their previous behavior. If the scene's objective is "to confuse the issue," the Ghost may be played tongue-tied, placed on a high wall, and given the objective "to spur Hamlet to revenge," while Hamlet's objective is "to find out the *exact* truth."

The Method director is primarily concerned with the "life" of the scene. He doesn't interpret the lines. He tries to get the actors to feel the drift of the scene, so that they will find line readings that are "truthful." When a scene doesn't play readily, or when he approaches a difficult scene, he may resort to an "improvisation." The simplest kind of "improvisation" is one in which the actors take the scene and play it with lines they make up themselves. When they feel comfortable in the "improvisation" they then do the scene using the playwright's lines. This sort of tinkering with new plays sometimes results in the playwright changing the play. *Hatful of Rain*, one of The Method's biggest successes, was reportedly developed as a collaborative effort in The Actors Studio by this means, its author, Michael Gazzo, rewriting the play according to the actors' improvising.

A second kind of "improvisation" is done by paraphrasing individual lines, a trick that antedates The Method; though, of course, it is hard to conceive any old-style actor learning to understand Hamlet by changing his words to "Man, what an s.o.b. and peasant slave I turned out to be!" And, finally, there is the "improvisation" in which the scene is not used at all. The actor playing the Ghost may be told to play a man who thinks the actor playing Hamlet is the only person who can save a friend from being arrested, and the actor playing Hamlet may be told to play a man who risks arrest himself unless he knows certain facts about the friend's activities and

who also thinks the Ghost actor may be leading him into a trap.

The chief aim of improvisation is to give the actor an *emotional* understanding of the drama of the play into which he can plunge every time he plays his role. The Method is a slave to "the illusion of the first time." Because of the mental habits set by improvisation, some Method actors feel guilty if any two consecutive performances even vaguely resemble each other. The actor prepares by effacing himself and the theater and making use of thoughts, of memories, or "being" exercises that place him newborn into character and situation. Young Method actors "preparing" usually look as if they were entering a trance or suffering from intestinal pain. Once, while stage-managing a production, I heard a pathetic wailing behind the scenery. I dashed back and encountered a young actress attired only in her shoes and panties, wracked by sobs, tears streaming down her face, while at the same time she made an efficient quick change into her next costume. I had occasion later to read her script and noted that she had written in the margin at this point: "Think of little kitties being run over by big trucks." Needless to say, she was fairly phony on stage, while the non-Method actor who shared the scene with her (and usually spent the moments before he went on complaining that the costume crew hadn't washed his shirt for three weeks) was quite convincing. A good Method actress would simply have had something on her mind more closely related to the scene than kittens.

The past season in New York provided one remarkable example of Method virtues and vices rampant, the Actors Studio production of Sean O'Casey's *The Shadow of a Gunman*. The leading actors would have been impressive no matter what technique they were trained in. They were wonderfully intelligent and imaginative, and they could even be heard. The characters were complete, rounded, "honest" (a Method term meaning consistently handled), and the actors played to each other in a way that was a joy to behold. They never punched the comedy for jokes; comedy emerged, with the appropriate mordancy, out of deadly serious motivation. One could not deny that a profound story had come

alive on the stage.

But the failure of The Method to get out of the studio was also evident. The actors in various ways all hovered around a center table, as if they had done all their rehearsal work in conference. They only toyed with the Irish dialect and treated the authentic rhythms of the lines as if O'Casey were Shakespeare and had to be made contemporary and "natural." It was disturbing to hear an actor named O'Loughlin produce an Irishman with Yiddish inflections when working models galore could have been found in Third Avenue bars; and it rocked one's liberalism to consider that the character was a salesman.

The meaning of O'Casey's play was transmuted as much as was his language. One sensed dedication in the production, but the script was clearly only a pretext for a play devised by the company. O'Casey's story is simple. A young poet who rooms with a young salesman allows himself to be mistaken for an Irish revolutionary by the neighbors. As the "shadow" of a gunman he attracts the love of a frivolous shop girl. When a real gunman leaves a bag of bombs in their room and the British raid the house, the girl conceals the bag in her own room, is caught and taken off by the British, while the two men find themselves incapable of confessing their involvement, though to do so would save her. She dies in an ambush.

For all its witty affection for the foibles of the Irish, the play is a bitter commentary on the state of the Irish soul. O'Casey suggests, though not as effectively and directly as in *The Plough and the Stars*, not only that idealism does not make a revolution but that the Irish have been so corrupted by life that they are worthy neither of ideals nor revolution. In this production, when the poet announced solemnly to the salesman at the curtain that they would be haunted by the episode for the rest of their lives, the audience was filled with sympathy for the poor well-meaning young men and given a glimpse of horror and guilt that implied their future penance and redemption. The meaning of the play had been shifted so that what emerged was only that banal liberal cliché in which the good-hearted common folk are driven by "The System" to regrettable acts that they might not otherwise commit, a notion which, at most, is

O'Casey's point of departure. In this production, the Revolution was good, the British were bad, and the shadows *were* gunmen.

The fundamental fault of The Method is that it always seems to be producing the same play, a play about the tragically frustrated desires of well-intentioned, deeply feeling failures—of Strindberg characters living a Chekhovian life amid Ibsen's social problems. The source of The Method's monotonous treatment of drama is not found, however, in the influence of playwrights but in its theory of human behavior, which offers a vision of life in which man is invariably found struggling against his environment. "Well, he's the kind of guy who *wants to . . .*," an actor will explain, and proceed to interpret his character in terms of a psychology of natural drives and instincts which come a cropper against social conventions. And since The Method actor works out of an understanding of what the character "feels," the drives and instincts are invariably brought to the surface. Complexity rarely occurs in depth, only in conflict. Believability becomes a matter of intensity rather than variety, which is why the actors may at many moments look like walking versions of the Jimmy Durante song: "Did You Ever Have The Feeling That You Wanted To Go And Still Have The Feeling That You Wanted To Stay?"

The importance of surface conflict also manages at times to kill the illusion of human spontaneity; Method actors like to do their feeling and living in the time between receiving a cue and responding to it. The technical result is an emphasis on facial expression and an oscillation between utter repose and explosion. The Method actor therefore plays either violent or inert characters and is ill at ease with thinking characters who don't "feel" with primitive simplicity. This predilection for lower-class characters who alternate between roughhouse and despair has helped brand The Method as "kitchen-table acting."

The belief that the actor should create characters out of his own experience results in another paradox. Method characters are all individuals; they are also all the same type of individual. The reason is evident. Young Americans have had, after all, pretty much the same kind of experience and the social pressure of the New

York theater is such that young actors make themselves into New York bohemians and live disturbingly similar lives. It is easier for them to see and create a Hamlet who is "beat" than to deal with the agony of a Renaissance man.

Moreover, the need to live intensely with the character, especially when the character has been constructed out of one's own self, leads to partisanship. "Well, *basically* he's good," the actor will say, even of Iago, who, after all, has been slighted, "frustrated," and thinks his wife has been unfaithful. When Iago is oneself, even *he* means well. When the character absolutely has to be a villain, the actor's effort of will paints him too black, and invests him with traits the actor finds despicable. So The Method places sentimental heroes in "believable" melodrama with simplified villains.

The limitations of The Method in characterization do not, unfortunately, fully explain its failure with the great drama of the past. For three centuries, most drama critics, teachers, directors, and actors have forgiven Shakespeare his playwrighting failures out of respect for his genius. His characters are great, complete people, we are told. They have a life of their own, and if he failed, through commercial exigencies and ignorance, to portray them fully at every moment, we can edit out the inconsistencies and contradictions and fill in motivation where it seems absent. Most recently, The Method has attempted to do for all drama exactly what the English critic Bradley's school of psychological character criticism has done for Shakespeare.

The real question is: has drama ever intended just to give us stories of real people? If one were forced to identify the essence of all drama, the answer might be: an attempt to define the condition of man in order to understand the nature of the universe. The best modern studies in the history of civilization suggest that the condition of men has been variously defined by different ages. It is possible, of course, to believe that there is only *one* true condition of man and that the universe has an exact nature. Most theories of tragedy, indeed most theories of drama, judge drama by its conformity to whatever definition the theorist happens to believe in, which is all right for the critic or epigone.

But if we want to be genuinely objective

about the theater, we can only study each play's own view of the universe, or of man, or of life. When it comes to character, we need to refer not to one theory of psychology but to many, since each play investigates not a particular group of human beings but a particular theory of what man is and how he operates. And, like any theory of psychology, each play is really interested only in certain aspects of life, in certain aspects of personality, in certain parts of a character. The question "Is Hamlet mad, and if so, how did he get that way?" does not greatly interest Shakespeare. This may make him a bad psychologist in our eyes, but if we want to understand and act Shakespeare's Hamlet we had better simply take the fact of his madness for granted and not try to find the answers in the play, lest we risk missing the rest of what is there.

If The Method can be indicted for the intellectual vanity of thinking its psychology is "real," it can also be reproved for thinking that its acting is "real." No acting can be "real," since all acting, even Method acting, only "selects" aspects of human action from life. And anyone who has worked in the theater knows that the audience also finds meaning in patterns of movement, sound, and scenery, and that sometimes the audience reacts less to what is supposed to be meaningful in the acting than to stage patterns that are not supposed to be. Light a comedy in shadows and the jokes may go to pot. An actor who is inaudible or clumsy, may produce a character who is inaudible or clumsy, whether he intends to or not. And what is more, audiences are capricious. One year, design has one effect on them, the next year another. Dark lighting may convince them either that tripe is tragedy or that tragedy is tripe.

The laws that govern the attrition and recrudescence of audience imagination are a subject for cultural anthropologists, and if properly investigated might put all the aestheticians, from Aristotle on, out of business. It may be that theater is one of the rituals that help society maintain its faith in the meaningfulness of life. It may be that changing social conditions demand corresponding changes in ritual. Perhaps it is the nature of symbolic communication in the theater that when the audience becomes too familiar with the current set of

symbols they fail to work. In the theater, the triumph of a style heralds its demise. As soon as we shout: "Long live The Method!" The Method is dead.

At any rate, it is foolish to postulate eternal principles of theater art. The best any practitioner can do is to acquire a full command of the materials and craft of his medium and hope to swim with the proper currents. A style is simply the way things are done in a particular age in a particular place. At present, The Method is the way of the American theater. Our playwrights' plays will be as incomprehensible to future critics, for whom The Method will be of the past, as the drama of the past is incomprehensible to anyone today who tries to understand it in terms of The Method.

The Method is already undergoing its own sea changes. Those who have made the best use of it have begun to regret its rejection of the crafts of voice and movement. Audiences have begun to respond to a new style, too. The choreographers and composers of musical comedy are beginning to communicate meaning not found in its stagnant plots and dull lyrics. The Method playwrights are slowly shifting from the drama of social problems and personal ethics to a drama that reaches out toward the nature of identity and experience. They have begun to provide settings that lack kitchen tables. "Believability," "Truth," "Reality"; are, after all, terribly abstract words, and, like The Method, they are becoming too easy to use and to understand, too difficult to particularize.

Perhaps it is time to rediscover all those passages in Stanislavsky that demand the perfection of external technique; time to heed those things in his writing that have seemed like contradictions; and perhaps time at long last to bury the poor man. After all, didn't he say: "If the system does not help you, forget it"?



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I've Been Reading

Anthony Hope and Edgar Wallace,
as a matter of fact

by DONALD BARR

I have built some shelves along the hallway of my apartment. The books on them are chiefly those I am not allowed to put in the living room because they shed bits of desiccated calfskin or sun-rotted buckram or oxidized paper. There are a lot of Victorian sets in the hall—broken sets, most of them, bought at five or ten cents a volume—their cheap Turkey-carpet magnificence dimmed by their own dust. The *Noctes Ambrosianae* from *Blackwood's* magazine are there, badly foxed, spines in shreds, the best literary politics ever written. Henry Kingsley is there, along with his stupid brother. Charles Reade is there with those wonderful titles. Captain Marryat. George Meredith, as boring as calisthenics. Ouida. Anthony Hope. These books are not neglected in the shadowy hallway; because one passes them on the way to the quietest room.

I have been reading Anthony Hope. Specifically, I have been rereading his first novel, *A Man of Mark*. It is a surprising book for the year 1890, and a very surprising book for the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. *The Prisoner of Zenda* is, I think, a good book of its kind, but

not the kind of book that suggests that its author might have had any shrewdness whatever about politics or about human nature with its buttons open. *The Prisoner of Zenda*, in fact, is exactly the wrong way to write about politics. For one thing, Ruritania is a land of economic eunuchs. People who read newspapers in 1959 are used to seeing politics in very close relation to cash or the need for cash. For another thing, Ruritania is a culture with two disparate systems of weaponry, a system of essentially modern breechloading firearms and a system of flashing swords. This is fatal to plausibility. We have too good a sense of technology. The continual *émeutes* in Latin America and the Levant have given us a feeling that there is some sort of correspondence or fit between the character of a society's armaments, the character of its social institutions, and the character of its political activity. Moreover, we do not think of political power the way Rudolf Rassendyll does, as a noble, uncomfortable and intrinsically useless thing, like a king's crown—the gage of passion or the guerdon of manly combat.

Besides, there is an air of lugubrious chastity that spoils everything in Ruritania. The hero is, as one might say, *dismounted* by some kind of sexual-feudal block; he suffers through the story like an armored knight with fleas. This panting purity became for a time the controlling emotional and stylistic fact in Hope's later stories.

An edifying sexual tone is almost always a bad sign in literature. It shows a willingness to falsify.

A Man of Mark is completely different. It is just the right way to write about politics. That Anthony Hope should have written all that tremulous chivalric bilge after having written this graceful, pitiless little satire on political romance is much as if Jane Austen had turned from *Northanger Abbey* to writing Gothic novels.

The tale is about an Englishman named Martin who, "led by the youthful itch for novelty," wants to be a banker. He has excellent qualifications: "The chairman owed my father a sum of money too small to mention but too large to pay." So he is put in charge of the

branch of a British bank in a diminutive South American republic called Aureataland. Aureataland is the enterprise of one Marcus W. Whittingham, a dignified adventurer from Virginia. President Whittingham has a firm grasp of the principles of public finance: Aureataland has national wealth and a national debt. The former consists chiefly of foreign currency and negotiable securities, the latter of worthless bonds. The former is in the President's private wall safe, the latter in the hands of the President's friends. The President befriends young Martin: he seizes the bank's assets of \$300,000 and gives Martin some bonds in exchange, along with \$65,000 in cash (the bank's cash) for the young man himself. Our hero, having thus sold his directors to the President, gambles away the proceeds at the genteel home of the President's mistress, the Signorina Nugent, whom he is hoping to seduce.

The Signorina is another of the owners of the national debt. The President had bought her from an itinerant opera company that was passing through Aureataland and had then persuaded her to invest the proceeds of her sale in his bonds.

The third owner of the national debt is the leader of the Opposition and strong man of the armed forces, a repulsive colonel named McGregor, who had to buy bonds to obtain his rank and his seat in the Chamber.

It is, of course, the Signorina who offers to sell the President to the other creditors. Following the best romantic rubrics, she invites Martin into the conservatory, where, faintly flushed as though with some inner excitement, she plucks a white rose and holds it to her lips:

"I don't suppose you would do anything for me, Mr. Martin?"

"It would be my greatest happiness," I cried.

She said nothing, but stood there, biting the rose.

"Give it to me," I said; "it shall be my badge of service."

"You will serve me, then?" said she.

"For what reward?"

"Why, the rose!"

"I should like the owner too," I ventured to remark.

"The rose is prettier than the owner," she said, "and at any rate, one thing at a time, Mr. Martin! Do you pay your servants all their wages in advance?"

My practice was so much the contrary that I really couldn't deny the force of her reasoning. She held out the rose. I seized it and pressed it close to

my lips, thereby squashing it considerably.

"Dear me," said the Signorina, "I wonder if I had given you the other thing whether you would have treated it so roughly."

"I'll show you in a moment," said I.

"Thank you, no, not just now," she said, showing no alarm, for she knew she was safe with me. Then she said abruptly:

"Are you a Constitutionalist or a Liberal, Mr. Martin?"

She arranges similar terms with Colonel McGregor and, after some charming scruples, finds little difficulty in keeping the President entertained while our hero and the Colonel subvert the unpaid troops and seize the government buildings. She is also able to show them where the national wealth is kept: behind the washstand in the President's bedroom. Everything seems settled: the President flees to his yacht; Aureataland has been dragged back from ruinous fiscal infidelity; our hero has recovered his honesty (his directors' money). The Colonel, however, insists on having the Signorina, and our young hero is forced to sell him to the President in order to get the lady for himself; then, just as he is about to slip aboard his own boat with her and sail into exile and an impoverished but clean new life, she sprains her little ankle, and he has to sell her back to the President in exchange for his own life. In the end our hero is living, rather prosperously, in exile, and has just arranged an assignation with the Signorina, now Mrs. Whittingham.

It is all mocking, light and unabashed. A *Man of Mark* is one of those satires which, like Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, produces surprise and laughter by putting people with real motives into conventional literary situations. It is a simple method, requiring only continuous truth to make it work. As between Shaw and Hope, I think Shaw, always greedy for effect, is cleverer at making the best of both worlds and using the full dramatic value of the stories he makes fun of, while Hope is more uncompromising and much less inclined than Shaw (who would flirt even with respectability) to square things at the end with the *unco guid*. Hope's book is minor literature, but it is literature.

Having written that last sentence, I am now looking at it in some surprise. What on earth does it mean? "Hope's book is minor literature, but it is literature." I suppose what I started

to say was that *A Man of Mark* does not show us the whole of life in any time or place, does not tell us what it is really like to be ourselves or someone else, and does not stir us powerfully either to probity or to charity. So it is "minor." On the other hand, it does draw on our feelings about life and on our own wishes about ourselves rather than on the prefabricated emotions with which we are stocked by our habitual reading. So it is "literature."

Well, is it really so easy to tell the major from the minor, to distinguish literature from *kitsch*? To be major, must a novelist photograph the landscape of Hell, make chessmen of my archetypes, or slap the doctrinal tambourine an inch from my ear? To be literature, must a book avoid (or transfigure) all the little claptraps and conventions from which I build my less ambitious universes, all the *maschere* and *scenarii* of my *commedia dell'arte*?

And why bother distinguishing anyway? Why not just read? I am thinking of a friend of mine, a Columbia colleague, who has read more voluminously and widely than I. He is a double reader. I meet him on Broadway schlepping a half-dozen detective stories and a volume of Turgenev back to the library after the weekend; we discuss the detective stories for a few minutes, and then the Turgenev, and it is clear that these are entirely different mental exercises for him. On the detective stories he is playfully judicious, a little bit rueful, obviously engaged in a kind of parody of criticism—as if to say, "These are not really books at all, but let us amuse ourselves by applying our critical powers to them as though they were." On the Turgenev he is wary; he wants me to know that he submitted himself to the book before he judged it; he is not a mere connoisseur.

The fact is, I can only read one way. As a result, books seem more alike to me than they apparently seem to my friends; at least, I am never sure whether a book is a book or a mere pseudo-book, and I find long stretches of genuine and fresh fiction in the midst of potboilers, and long stretches of potboiling in the midst of supposedly serious work.

For example, last week I read a novel by Edgar Wallace called *Mr. Justice Maxell*. It is not one of Wallace's better known stories; it is

not mentioned in Margaret Lane's biography. My copy is a conventional Ward, Lock & Co. paperbound edition of the 1920's, about 5½ by 8½ inches, printed on wretched pulp now charred by time to a deep brown and all rounded at the corners. Its cover is a lurid picture of a girl rifling a safe while the shadow of a man, minatory and aristocratic, falls on her from behind; there is no clue as to when the thing was written.

The story breaks into two almost equal segments: one deals with the business relations of a shady company promoter named Cartwright and a frigid, bright lawyer named Maxell; the other deals with the courtship of Cartwright's nephew and Maxell's ward. Clearly it is the first part that interested Wallace; the second is an offhand and faintly vulgar series of easy scenes. But the scenes between Cartwright and Maxell in Tangier—and later in the Old Bailey when Maxell coldly sends his associate to prison for twenty years—have a peculiar strength; and, sparsely written as they are, the scenes in which Cartwright prostitutes his wife-to-be in order to close an enormous deal with a hysterical old beast of a Spaniard are almost touching. The reason is that Wallace is not concerned with fixing Cartwright and Maxell and Sadie O'Grady in their "proper" places on the moral chart; they exist, each with a little private vision of what life ought to be and a few inadequate personal implements for making it that way; and if they sell, betray and murder one another it is no signal for the author to thrust in his hand and sweep away their selfhood or their integrity.

The comparison is farfetched, of course, but Edgar Wallace is a little like Shakespeare. He holds back his hand. He never wholly or finally negates a character; no one is brought into being just to set up a moral lesson or a moral triumph for another. In this, Wallace is the opposite of the great Victorian mystery-story writers, who practiced a kind of thunderous moral conclusiveness. The special comfort of the Sherlock Holmes stories is that very conclusiveness; when it is all over, justice may have been done or may not have been done; but we *know* what justice was. Wallace's is a much more difficult attitude. It is hard, not being God.

I seem to have drifted into impromptu homiletics, which can be embarrassing, because one

always says too much about morals. The subject lends itself to exaggeration.

But I place great value on Anthony Hope's and Edgar Wallace's lack of prudishness, because it seems to me that, without making a literary virtue of lubricity or indifference, there is a moral position a novelist can take that begins with a quiet acceptance of the facts of human behavior and is strong enough to remain quiet. When a writer gets into that position, whether he wanders into it or makes his way there consciously, his dealings with life at once seem to become preternaturally direct. His characters at once seem somehow to make claims on our attention and concern as if they were actual; or really, it no longer matters whether they are fictitious or actual—Iago and Shylock and Gulley Jimson and Lord Hermiston and Mr. Justice Maxell trouble us because of what they are, not because of how they exist, and they could not trouble us more if they were documented historical figures. At once we are translated from the theater—a private theater, it is true, but one in which we can usually hear the screech of the groundlings for expiatory blood or the muttered commentaries of our

knowing friends in the next seats—to the terrible, hushed privacy of an original event. These moments in fiction are rare. And they occur in all kinds of writing.

They occur in Edgar Wallace, in George Eliot, in C. M. Kornbluth, in Walter Scott, in Dumas père (over and over in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, as in Baron Danglars' lecture to his wife on the economics of adultery, and in the sly kindly comedy of the two nervous little lesbians making a great dash for Rome and emancipation). They do not occur in E. Phillips Oppenheim, in George Meredith, in Ray Bradbury, in Fenimore Cooper, in Victor Hugo. If one reads as an educated man, one may never find them. If one reads everything nakedly, as a child reads, one is certain to find them.



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The Way We Live Now: Architecture Division

. . . To my knowledge, there are few institutions where the student union and the administration building are not the most impressive campus structures—the stadium excepted, of course. Here and there, a library may run a poor third. The student union symbolizes the full life which almost all American colleges and universities now provide for their students. Only a curmudgeon would question its role in the total educational experience. The question is not whether bowling has a vital role in higher education but whether the alleys should be air-conditioned . . . (Kenneth Eble, in the *JOURNAL OF HIGHER EDUCATION*, October, 1959.)

BEFORE THE HOUSE

FREIDEL ON SCHLESINGER

FRANK FREIDEL

I agree in a general way with Mr. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., [FORUM; Fall 1959] that there is an impulse toward liberalism in American politics which comes into play from time to time, and that even without a depression a reform movement in the Thirties was likely. I am confident that reform movements do not have to wait upon depressions. But I think the political situation in the Twenties and Thirties was rather more complicated than Mr. Schlesinger states it.

Considerable Progressivist reform sentiment persisted into the Twenties and was expressed in Congressional elections; a liberal element in the Senate harried Harding and Coolidge, and even held the balance of power in the Hoover administration. Nevertheless, the Republican party machinery remained firmly in conservative hands, and the Democrats were powerless, partly because they were split into urban and rural factions. The impasse was somewhat similar to the impasse that occurred in this country recently when a great liberal groundswell manifested itself in the last Congressional election, yet conservative leadership managed to thwart the reform impulse in Congress.

Suppose reformers had come to power in the election of 1936, rather than that of 1932, and that there had been no depression in the meantime. Suppose further (in order to make the example concrete) that the man who bridged the gulf in the Democratic party and captured its top leadership for liberals, was the popular and powerful Governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt. What sort of reform program would have ensued? The answer is clear from the proposals of Roosevelt during his first years as Governor of New York, and from the many bills that the Progressivist Senators were fruitlessly dropping into the hopper through the Twenties. It would have been a relatively limited program, set on the same ideological

foundation as Progressivism, and indeed going no further than to fill a few gaps and point the masonry in the Progressive structure. It would have provided for greater public development of power (especially at Muscle Shoals), regulation of utilities, conservation of natural resources, policing of large corporations, lowering of the tariff, and some mild panacea for agriculture, which had been depressed through the Twenties. It might have proposed some national legislation to regulate minimum wages and maximum hours and brought up a new law forbidding child labor—but the Supreme Court was so obviously ready to block these regulatory laws that Congress might not have acted. All these comprise a substantial part of the New Deal reforms that the nation did obtain during the depression years of the Thirties.

But because the Depression was so cataclysmic in effect and so long in duration, it forced a desperate nation to alter its basic assumptions. Instead of a reform program based, as was Progressivism, on rather limited government intervention, the nation was ready to accept much more massive intervention. Public power development on the Tennessee River was not restricted to the Muscle Shoals dam, but came to envelop the entire area and to extend into the many ramifications of the Tennessee Valley Authority. A combination of utter despair and loss of faith in the old ideologies led the nation's leaders to accept the National Recovery Administration, which Schlesinger himself shows, in *The Coming of the New Deal*, to have brought "a fantastic series of reforms, any one of which would have staggered the nation a few years earlier".

The scale and degree of government intervention was so great that gradually the national premises changed. Most people came to feel that the government must play a decisive role in maintaining prosperity in the economy as a whole and at least a minimum living standard for the individual.

One especially pertinent point growing out of Mr. Schlesinger's article, is that as the Depression deepened, the doctrinaire Right could suggest nothing better than old palliatives, and the doctrinaire Left, nothing short of complete junking of the existing economic structure. Both based their positions in an outmoded past. The genius of Roosevelt and the New Dealers consisted in the groping, trial-and-error, pragmatic manner in which they tried to remodel the existing structure—not merely economic, but also social, political, and constitutional—to meet the new

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conditions. Our present national structure is some indication of the degree of their success.

What would this seem to indicate for the Sixties? Another era of reform, if the nation follows the regular cycles suggested by the Schlesingers, Senior and Junior? The experience both of the Twenties and the last twelve months indicates that, assuming continued prosperity, whether reform comes will depend less upon the disposition of the American electorate than upon who controls the party machinery, the Congress, and the Presidency. The reform-minded must dominate all three. If they do so, the likely result will be a mild program ratifying still further the premises of the New Deal. It will take a sharp crisis to jolt the American people once again from their basic assumptions and send them along a pragmatic course toward new solutions to their problems. The "thunder on the left" is muted to the mildest mutter.

A NOBEL TO KHRUSHCHEV

NATHANIEL PEFFER

Long before Nikita Khrushchev stormed the battlements of the Los Angeles municipality and wooed and won Coon Rapids, I wanted to make a public statement proposing him for a Nobel Peace Prize. I did not do so because I thought no one would take me seriously.

But I was quite serious—right after the mysterious cessation of the Chinese Communists' bombardment of the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu. For weeks the Chinese Reds had been pounding Quemoy steadily, heavily and destructively. They would have reduced it to submission if the United States Seventh Fleet, quickly reinforced, had not stood as shield and at the same time convoyed shiploads of guns, ammunition and supplies to the islands. There were good grounds to fear, if not to expect, that some trigger-happy Communist pilot would drop a bomb on an American cruiser and sink it. In that case the Fleet would have retaliated with an attack on the Communist mainland bases and a Chinese-American war would have begun. Then the Soviet Union, plighted to China by an explicit alliance, would have had to join battle. The third world war would have been on.

It did not happen. The bombardment ceased, the Communists announcing that thereafter they would shell Quemoy only every other day. Why? I have no evidence—who has?—but I feel certain that Khrushchev let the Peking government know that it could not go on without precipitating a general war and that he would have none of it, that the Chinese could not count on him for more than moral support and some planes. I think he was persuasive. The Chinese saved face by the alternate-

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days' shelling, but abandoned the attempt to take Quemoy.

Why not, then, a Nobel Prize for Khrushchev? Who is likely to have done more than he to prevent war? His claim to the award is supported by much that has happened since—his plain warning to Peking against intransigence in territorial disputes with India and his speech of caution in Peking after his visit here.

I do not mean to suggest that China is a satellite of Moscow, compelled to do its bidding. But quite beyond its dependence on Russian help for industrial development, its leaders are aware that without Russian military support a war with America could be disastrous. China could not be physically conquered—as Japan learned—but in a war her economic progress of the last decade would be cancelled and much of her land devastated by air attack. This consideration might in itself serve as a brake on Chinese impetuosity, were it not for two things.

The first of these is the current Chinese myth that China defeated America—"the paper tiger"—in the Korean war. The myth was no doubt created for internal propaganda effect, but some Chinese leaders may have persuaded themselves of its reality. The Chinese have given evidence more than once in the last forty years that when they enjoy a measure of success they are inclined to lose their heads, exaggerate their power and then come a cropper. This, indeed, is the greatest danger now—not so much any deliberate design they may have for expansion over Southeast Asia and India as a recklessness fed by illusions of power. Thus the Chinese might precipitate some incident which would pull all into catastrophe—China, the Soviet Union and America alike.

The second force against Chinese restraint comes from the fact that the leaders of the Peking regime, with one exception, are ignorant about the external world. The exception is Chou En-lai, the prime minister. He has been in the West, dealt with it before the Communists took over China, and understands it. Mao Tse-tung knows of the West what he has learned from the Marxist canon, edited by Lenin and Stalin. Mao was never out of China until after he acceded to power, and then only as far as Moscow. Liu Shao-ch'i, the party "theoretician," who is most likely to succeed Mao, not only does not know the West, but is dogmatic, doctrinaire, fanatical, the kind of "ideologue" who would sacrifice everything for a cause, including himself and his people.

Against all these ominous influences Khrushchev is, I think, our bastion. I am not thinking of his pious, Quakerish dedication (while on our soil) to peace and co-existence. I have little doubt that he would elect war if it served his purpose and did not offer too much risk. But if Khrushchev elects war, it will be his own decision, taken at a time of his own choosing, and when he is confident of victory. He will not be dragged into it by foolhardy Chinese. He will be guided by *realpolitik*, not impulse or Marxist piety, still less by any fraternal obligations to the Chinese brother in the camp of peace and socialism. Thus I think he will try to enforce restraint on China, inciting it to action only when his interests will be advanced.

Therefore, in one matter only—Russian relations with

China—God give him strength, with or without a Nobel Prize.

TOCQUEVILLE IN TIME

AN EXCHANGE

Somewhat like Alice at the Mad Hatter's tea party, I am bewildered by Mr. Fritz Stern's article, "The Liberalism of Tocqueville" [Fall 1959]. For had the author set out to prove the precise opposite of his thesis, he could not have done better. Mr. Stern's very first quotation from Tocqueville is a classical definition of conservatism—and one which would be acceptable to the anti-Jacobin Burke, the Tory Disraeli, or the Republican Nixon—"the idea of a balanced, regulated liberty held in check by religion, custom and law."

Mr. Stern quotes Tocqueville on "equality"—but he fails to note that in *The Old Regime and the French Revolution* Tocqueville made plain his stern opposition to the egalitarian ideology which infused the overthrow of 1789. Let me quote:

(1) "Of all the ideas and aspirations which led up to the Revolution, the concept and desire of political liberty, in the full sense of the term, were the last to emerge, as they were the first to pass away."

(2) "The germinal ideas of practically all the permanent changes reflected by the Revolution can be found in [the works of the Physiocrats] . . . For they attacked not only specific forms of privilege but any kind of diversity whatsoever; to their thinking all men should be equal even if equality spelled servitude."

(3) "But the all-controlling power of which [the Physiocrats] dreamed was not only far greater than the one with which they were familiar; its source and nature were different. It did not derive immediately from God, nor was it rooted in tradition; it was impersonal and functioned under the aegis of the State."

The last quotation is, of course, the key, for what separates contemporary liberals from John Stuart Mill as much as it sets them apart from contemporary conservatives is their concept of the State. However we may quarrel as to the various positions of liberals and conservatives today, we can certainly agree that the liberal philosophy of this era moves inexorably towards the defense of that "domination of a central authority" which so concerned Tocqueville. Every move of our liberals in the last decades has been one which sought to enlarge and reinforce the central authority. On the other hand, conservatism has attempted to counter that "democratic despotism" which equally worried Alexis de Tocqueville.

The arguments for enlarging that central authority may be cogent or valid; that is beside the point. The fact remains that Tocqueville, like James Fenimore Cooper in

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The American Democrat, opposed that tendency and despised the French Revolution—a historical event which left a controlling coloration on American liberalism. Tocqueville's admiration for the American system as he saw it stemmed from his understanding that it succeeded most when most it relied on Burke's "little platoon." To say that Mill objected to the attempts by the Tories to claim Tocqueville is meaningless. Were Mill alive today, he would as strenuously object to being forced into bed with Americans for Democratic Action, Mr. Adlai Stevenson, or Mr. Stern.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Mr. Stern writes:

Mr. Ralph de Toledano's letter points to the confusion which surrounds our present-day wrangling about liberalism and conservatism. Of course nineteenth-century liberalism, especially in its attitude towards the state, was different from twentieth-century liberalism, and my thesis, which Mr. de Toledano misconstrued, was that Tocqueville "was one of the greatest liberals of the nineteenth century." Mr. de Toledano is at pains to establish what everyone knows, i.e. that Tocqueville was not a twentieth-century liberal, that, as I explicitly stated, he feared the growth of centralized state power. Mr. de Toledano then arrives at the illicit conclusion that if he was not a twentieth-century liberal he must have been a nineteenth-century conservative. To support his case Mr. de Toledano would have to adduce something besides this rather obvious fact that some conservatives would accept Tocqueville's definition of liberty.

I do not know to what purpose Mr. de Toledano quoted the three passages concerning equality and the Physiocrats. They seem to have no particular bearing on my article or his argument. For Mr. de Toledano to assert, without citing any evidence, that Tocqueville "despised the French Revolution" strikes me as an irresponsible distortion of Tocqueville's far more detached and complex position.

It was not my intention to presume to say where Tocqueville would stand in today's political struggles. Beyond the fact that Mill and Tocqueville preferred men of taste and moral sense, I cannot claim to know whom they would choose as their political associates today—this kind of historical intelligence I must leave to my critic.

ADELAIDE'S TROUBLE

GERALD BURNS

One evening as I was walking across Eighth Street in Greenwich Village I bumped into an old college friend whom I hadn't seen for years, and we stopped for a moment to exchange news about ourselves. He was teaching history, I was practicing law.

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM

"And how in the devil is Adelaide?" I asked him. (Adelaide, his wife, I remembered as a wan, troubled girl who had loyally held a variety of inconsequential jobs to see her husband through his graduate work at Columbia.)

"Ah," he said proudly, "Adelaide is doing something more important than either one of us! She's *writing*!"

"Really!" I said. "What is she writing?"

"Well," he said, frowning, "at this stage it's still pretty fragmentary, but"—he brightened—"we think it's going to be a novel!"

I congratulated him politely, and soon after each of us went his way.

I should not have asked him *what* Adelaide was writing; that marked me as having a frivolous mind. The point was that her engagement in the activity of writing (i.e. putting words on paper and all that goes before it) was itself in some way uniquely *important* . . . as the teaching of history or practice of law was not.

Knowing that much, I should have understood that Adelaide's work, skimpy or abundant, consisted of efforts—in the words of Morris Freedman in his "Ways to Teach a Writer," [Fall 1959]—"to communicate her own, very particular sense and experience of the world." The form in which her communication might be cast was somehow going to be determined by the statement as it grew: she might have "a novel"—and, on the other hand, she might not. The purpose for which she might ultimately be making the statement (e.g. to entertain or inform her hypothetical reader, or possibly even to make money) was clearly irrelevant.

Indeed, to the extent that her enterprise was directed by no other purpose than (again appropriating Mr. Freedman's words) "a serious impulse to write" or "some driving need to speak out"—to the extent that it was bound by no arbitrary form except "total achievement" or "final esthetic effect and need of art, the blending together of all details under the shaping influence of meaning and moral intention"—so to this extent, presumably, was its importance somehow increased. Adelaide was engaging in (again Mr. Freedman's words) "a form of expression" which was purely "creative."

If I am doing Adelaide an injustice (her husband may have been ill-informed or merely inarticulate) in charging her with wasting her time foolishly, I am not, I think, doing Mr. Freedman an injustice in charging him with perpetrating the kind of confused nonsense that must encourage his students to waste theirs and may turn them away from an understanding of and delight in literature forever. Possibly the big trouble with Mr. Freedman's apologia for the teaching of creative writing in a university is that it is so full of double talk that you can take the whole trip with him before you realize that you haven't gotten anywhere. He simply never gets down to the nuts and bolts of the matter. What exactly is it—in plain language—that Mr. Freedman thinks one should teach in classes in the "form of expression" he calls creative writing?

I think we can dismiss right off the possibility that one should teach them grammar, syntax and spelling. These are purely "technical" means which, presumably, any student can learn and will be given adequate opportunity to learn in the usual drudging fashion of his

composition courses. So too, I expect, must we dismiss semantics. It is not the meaning and function of language which engages Mr. Freedman's attention. I should expect him to say these matters give off the sterile odor of the laboratory. For a moment he deceives us by speaking of "the problems of [a writer's] craft." This is encouraging. We want to know, possibly, what is meant by a "story line" and what it has to do with the work of Tolstoy or Dickens or Hemingway. We want to know something about the elements of good play construction in Ibsen or Shaw. We want to know why W. H. Auden doesn't make every other line rhyme, and why, in some of his work, there doesn't seem to be any rhyme scheme at all. We want to know the difference between dialogue that describes action and dialogue that carries action.

But this isn't what Mr. Freedman means at all by the problems of the craft. ". . . The attitude . . . which regards writing as a trade to be taught and learned like plumbing," he tells us—evidently with as little knowledge of plumbing as writing—"is not worth discussing."

Well, what's left?

There is something about "creation, which is always a total achievement, not a fragmentary one . . ." There is more about ". . . the final esthetic effect and need of art, the blending together of all details under the shaping influence of meaning and moral intention . . ." But if these things mean anything more than construction, semantics, grammar or plumbing, what do they mean? What is a "total achievement"?

I think it is a smokescreen. I propose, indeed, that what Mr. Freedman has in mind has very little to do with writing and absolutely nothing to do with creation at all. He seems to think that there is "art" apart from the product—that, to offer examples, there is some mysterious kind of abstract "total achievement" or "final esthetic effect" definable without reference to any of the arbitrary forms or devices of our culture in which it may be demonstrated.

While it is logically impossible to disprove that his neo-Platonistic idea of perfect beauty transcending all specific evidence does exist, it is quite silly—and highly presumptuous—for a teacher to teach that it is this abstract perfection to which an enterprising student should aspire and that it is by virtue of this supposed insight into the nature of this abstract perfection that the teacher can tell where (in the student's work or elsewhere) it does exist.

Tell me that my metaphor is mixed or doesn't excite your imagination. Tell me that my sentence lacks a verb, that my point is labored. Tell me that my imagery is too obscure to be effective. But don't presume otherwise to judge whether or not my work is "a total achievement" of "the final esthetic effect"! And if, indeed, this is all you mean by your criticism, wherein does your class in "creative writing" differ from last year's class in the nuts and bolts of good composition?

I think that, in the end, Mr. Freedman must merely confuse us—or, at best, persuade us to believe that he knows something we do not know, something called "creative writing." Thus, we may never understand that the models of "creative writing"—poems, plays, novels, short stories—were produced by men who have painstakingly learned the elements and requirements of the

forms which they employed so strikingly well. We may never realize how many of these were by no means written by the writer intentionally "to communicate his own, very particular sense and experience of the world" (indeed, what else can any man do!) and then, happily, sold—but, rather, were written to order for a specific market by a hungry man who had no idea except to write what he desperately hoped would sell. We may not even know that Shakespeare wrote his plays for profit and not posterity and that Mr. Freedman's notion of "creative writing" as something beyond metaphor and complex sentences would have made Shakespeare blink.

No, we may go on supposing that there is some higher form of writing called "creative" which is a "form of expression" super-writers off somewhere in an outer world know about and are using. We may go on supposing that it does not usually appear in the paperbacks at college bookstores (or drugstores), that it is *something* Shakespeare slipped into his work so that the oafs who paid admission wouldn't notice it, *something* that Dickens slyly tucked away into the corners of his books (chuckling over the way he had put one over on the publishers and the great reading public), *something* Pushkin and O'Neil got into their "stuff" (creative writers always write "stuff") which transcended the analytical abilities of mere teachers of composition and could be understood only by true devotees of "creative writing."

We may waste many unhappy years at the writing desk, not writing stories or poems or plays but toiling after "total achievement," sweating mightily not from the effort to develop a new stapzaic form strikingly well suited to the subject matter, or an engaging story line, but simply from the "effort to communicate [our] own very particular sense and experience of the world."

What we will be producing, perhaps, will be "creative writing" and some of it may be published in thin volumes entitled "Night-Thoughts" or "Impressions of the Blind"—or simply "Opera"; but let us not confuse it with the least of John Cheever's short stories nor a song by Yeats, for these are the work of disciplined and purposeful men.

THE MEXICAN MEANS

NORMAN A. BAILEY

Within the last year military coups have toppled civilian governments in several of the newly-independent states in Africa and Asia. Generals and colonels have taken over the reins of government in Thailand, Burma, Pakistan, Iraq, the Sudan and Lebanon. President Sukarno is currently occupied imposing his brand of "guided democracy" on Indonesia with the support of the army, "guided democracy" meaning the

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pattern already largely in force in Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam. The motto of the new governors is Stability. The motto of their opponents is Freedom.

There has recently been a spate of warnings that the new countries of Asia and Africa cannot be expected to follow slavishly the political forms of the West; that, indeed, these forms are often useless or harmful when applied outside the milieu in which they developed. It is true that every country should, of course, work to develop those indigenous institutions which best express its individuality. But Thailand, Burma and the rest are not developing in isolation, and their political institutions will be and are influenced by the example of the older and more politically advanced states. The great danger, as everyone knows, is that, disillusioned with Western-style democracy, they will turn to the Soviet Union as a model, and, mesmerized by the economic progress made there under stability *without* freedom, they will forego not only the forms but the substance of Western liberal political philosophy.

At first, the Latin American nations followed a course very similar to that of the new Afro-Asian countries. When the first flush of revolutionary ardor had dissipated, one country after another in the southern continent succumbed to military coups, and a seemingly unending series of generals seized supreme power by force, kept it by force, and were obliged to relinquish it by force. Again, stability was the watchword of these men on horseback, and they were often welcomed by the commercial and large agrarian interests as providing the proper atmosphere for the uninterrupted pursuit of commerce. Constitution-writing became a favorite pastime, and the divorce between theory, as set down in the constitutions, and practice was almost as great as that between the governing classes and the great mass of the population. Often the constitutions, exchangeable as the governments they codified, were word for word copies of the United States' and various European constitutions. The powers of the three branches of government were spelled out with the greatest exactitude, civil liberties were guaranteed in the strongest language, absolute prohibitions were put on the exercise of political power by the army, presidents were limited to one term. In reality there was no separation of powers, civil liberties were ignored, the army interfered in politics constantly, and presidents were "re-elected" time after time.

Now, at last, some of these South American countries have begun to develop Western-style political systems with some degree of success. Indeed, a few are well on their way to something very like representative democracy. On the other hand, the Afro-Asian nations do not have 100 to 150 years to experiment in political science. And the countries of Latin America in which political democracy has been most successful—Uruguay, Costa Rica and Chile—have been those whose population is largely made up of immigrants from countries where Western liberal political philosophy has long been known and where serious attempts, at least, have been made to apply it.

The party system is central and vital to the proper functioning of democracy on the Western model. It requires leaders of sufficient honesty, energy and in-

telligence to head at least two parties of approximately equal strength. There must be a tacit agreement that both sides will abide by the verdict of honest, secret elections. Finally, the concept of loyal opposition must be understood and practiced and the talents of the opposition party leaders must not be completely wasted. (The situation in Cuba before and after the fall of Batista in January 1959 is a case very much to the point: neither Batista nor Castro can imagine any better way to deal with their political opponents than by totally eliminating them.) But these conditions do not hold in most of Asia, Africa and Latin America where "democratic" experiments are being attempted. Political parties on these continents are simply shifting groups of men supporting a particular leader who has demagogic ambitions. Elections are manipulated whenever possible, and the opposition is harried and persecuted. Thus the party system becomes a source of weakness rather than strength, and responsible leaders develop a distaste for partisan political activity, often coming to the conclusion that authoritarian government of some kind is imperative.

Does this mean that it is impossible for these countries to achieve stability combined with freedom and civilian rule, or will revolution and chaos lead to further conquests by the Communists? Can we find anything in the Latin American experience which would be of value to the newer uneasy converts to political democracy?

Of all the Latin American countries that still have a largely native population, Mexico has achieved the happiest compromise between stability and freedom. Economic growth there has been rapid under liberal civilian rule. To be sure, during the entire nineteenth century, and until 1910, Mexico provided the world a classic example of how a country should not be run. Periods of political upheaval alternated with longer periods of one-man rule. Foreign intervention and ill-considered loans from other nations played havoc with Mexico's economic development. Reform politicians like Benito Juárez were unable to stem this decline because their allegiance to European political and economic liberalism led them to decree that all communal lands be distributed to private owners, a policy that could only produce virtual serfdom among the Indian masses. In 1910 the great Mexican revolution began and raged for ten years. It was to transform the nation from top to bottom and overturn traditional economic, political, social and religious beliefs and institutions. From this upheaval emerged the political system that Mexico enjoys today, a system that has provided it with stability and freedom for the greater part of thirty years. Mexico has great economic and political problems, in common with the rest of the world, but at least it is able to face up to them in an atmosphere of relative calm.

After saying so much, one should say that Mexico has, *de facto* though not *de jure*, a one-party system. This one party, the *Partido Revolucionario Institucional* (PRI), or Institutional Revolutionary Party, is not, however, an instrument of repression or the mouthpiece of a dictator. It is, as the name suggests, the expression of a revolution that has become institutionalized. Within this party almost all the important elements of society are

represented. The Labor Sector consists of about 1,550,000 members divided into twelve labor organizations, by far the largest of which is the Mexican Labor Confederation (CTM). The Agrarian Sector is divided into two groups with a total membership of 1,650,000. The so-called "Popular" Sector comprises nineteen organizations with a total membership of 1,600,000, and includes five federations of civil servants and teachers, two organizations of cooperatives, one organization of small farmers, three organizations of small business, one confederation of professional people and intellectuals, two youth organizations, one women's organization, three organizations of artisans and one confederation of the Indian communities. The total membership of the PRI comprises some 4,800,000 individuals, a large segment of the voting population.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that under the PRI there is complete respect for civil liberties, and the press is absolutely free. There are, of course, occasions when these institutions are impinged upon unjustly, but this will happen in any country subject to internal or external stress. In modern Mexico there is only one freedom that is restricted, and that is the freedom to turn out the government. Elections are held at regular intervals, and they are free and secret. However, the votes are counted as the government wants them counted, and ordinarily, the Presidency, all the state governorships, the entire Senate, and ninety per cent of the seats in the House are awarded to the PRI. On the other hand, even if the votes were counted correctly, the PRI would most probably still win by a large majority. In Mexico the real political battles take place within the party, and the important contests are decided before the elections, as in the southern states of this country.

Why, then, have elections at all? Why not simply dispense with them? The elections serve several useful purposes. They act as a release valve for the irritations that are bound to develop under any government, they provide the government with a measure of the popularity or unpopularity of its policies, and, finally, they offer practice in the democratic traditions and habits that Mexico cannot yet afford.

This is not to say that opposition parties do not exist in Mexico. They do, and are useful. Some parties, such as the reactionary *Partido de Acción Nacional* (PAN) and the Marxist *Partido Popular* (PP) have survived for decades and are fixtures on the political scene. Other parties appear and disappear regularly. These opposition parties have absolute freedom to campaign, collect funds, and organize political clubs in the cities and rural districts. They provide the government and the PRI with a gauge of public sentiment. When one of them finds an issue popular in the country and proceeds to exploit it, sooner or later it is taken over by the PRI and dealt with officially.

There are, of course, obvious dangers inherent in the Mexican system. Nevertheless, those countries in Africa and Asia that most closely follow her pattern have thus far been the most successful in achieving stability with at least a minimal respect for the civil liberties: India, Ghana and Malaya are essentially one-party nations, and in a racial sense the Malayan government party is just as all-inclusive as the PRI. True, the leader

of such a government party may attempt to establish himself as a dictator. The party itself may become corrupt and negligent of its mission to prepare the country for true representative democracy. The opposition parties may become so impatient for improvement that they attempt to seize power by force. Recently some leaders of the PAN in Mexico have advocated just that. But these dangers are less than the risk of disillusionment with democracy inherent in a country where upheaval, revolution, rigged elections and military interference in government is the rule. A bulwark of stable, progressive and flourishing sovereign communities can be erected in Africa and Asia to stem the tide of communism only if these countries can find a form and procedure of government which reflect the realities of their history and culture—not the history and culture of Europe or the United States.

POETRY AND PAPERBACKS

BABETTE DEUTSCH

I

It stood in the living-room between the mantelpiece and the window, so that the sunlight, falling across its mahogany-framed glass doors, gave the gilt-lettered leather backs inside a sombre luminosity. Most of the volumes in this bookcase had been my grandfather's, largely sets of the German classics, the poets prominent among them—Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Heine. The English makers of verse were less fully represented. There was Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia*, the book that engaged the attention of the boy who, as a mature poet, was to close "The Waste Land" with the benediction from the *Upanishads*. There was a tall Byron, unsuitably grim in black cloth, the pages blackened, too, with crowding footnotes in 5-point type. The Longfellow and the Tennyson, thanks to sumptuous bindings, seemed cousins to their German neighbors; or perhaps their gilt-edged pages and the steel engravings that so solemnly illustrated them suggested kinship with the heavy elegance of such picture books as *Berlin and its Treasures*, the *Royal Dresden Gallery* and *The Munich Gallery*. The anonymous "Introductory Address" to the Dresden collection of plates concludes by "Repeating the oft-quoted Apothegm that, 'He who makes good Art cheap, is employing it in discharging its best and highest duty, by teaching and delighting the eye or reforming the manners, instructing the mind and purifying the heart'—and it might be added,—he thus becomes a public benefactor."

The legion of little books that are making good art cheap for us are far more remote from those stuffy tomes than the old masters they celebrated are from Cézanne, Picasso, or Hans Hofmann. As for the art of poetry (whose practitioners have long been in close rapport with the painters), it is hard to believe that the exemplars of Victorian taste in bookmaking actually contain the same poems that are being reprinted in some of the paper-

backs. The publishers of those stout volumes were paying tribute, however clumsily, to the belief that poetry is something to return to, as one returns to a river, or a mountain, or a certain city. The paperbacks, though often designed to serve the student for a semester or two only, testify to its durability in a new-fangled way.

In "the trial by market everything must come to" that Frost takes shrewd account of, poetry has been faring notoriously. According to a prestige value, publishers have reluctantly and sparsely decorated their lists with verse. It would require an extensive and thorough survey to give anything like a just account of the matter, but from the little that I have to go by I gather that the case is somewhat different among paperbacks.

The catalogue of *Paperbound Books in Print* put out by the R. R. Bowker Company devotes a little over three pages of its Winter 1959 edition to poetry titles, including "Collections and Criticism." In comparison with such favored categories as fiction and science, this is a fair showing. "New Fiction" (duly distinguished from "Literature") runs to some nine pages. "Science"—that is, general titles and, specifically, biology, chemistry, geology, physics and astronomy—runs to four pages. Along with books of American, English, Canadian, and Australian verse, the poetry list presents translations from both Eastern and Western languages. And, this being an age of criticism, the findings of such literary internists as Cleanth Brooks, Yvor Winters, Jacques Maritain, as well as of Coleridge and Santayana, are available to other inquiring spirits.

As might be expected, the poetry titles offer a roster of the authors one would meet on any thoroughfare in Limbo frequented by the masters. What is noteworthy is that about half of those represented are our contemporaries, among them the American *poètes maudits* who so recently spent a season in hell. Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* can be bought in the Pocket Poets Series for the same price that you would pay for the Rinehart edition of *Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight*. *Howl* carries an introduction by the indomitable William Carlos Williams. There is a touch of irony in the fact that in one catalogue of paperbacks Ginsberg's name was flanked by that of the Virgilian Robert Frost and that of H.D., a strict and graceful lyricist prominent during the poetry renaissance four decades ago and now again receiving due tribute. Another such renaissance may not be imminent, but I like to speculate on the stimulus these books could give it. Among other titles, the Vintage edition of Wallace Stevens and the Wesleyan poetry series, featuring work by less venerable writers, might promote a more general concern with the art.

Testimony concerning the sale of poetry relative to that of other paperbacks is scanty, and for other reasons, too, hard to assess. Since the classics command the largest public, swollen by the captive audience in high school and college classrooms, the most successful Anchor title proves to be *The Aeneid*, in C. Day Lewis's translation. There are four rival paperback editions of this best-seller, one of which, more recently published by Scribner, is the work of the American poet, Rolfe Humphries.

(Continued on page 52)

Columbia

CHRONICLE

A concise review of recent news from Columbia University

As the 206th academic year progressed, Columbia's vast construction and renovation program was in full swing. The new thirteen-story College dormitory at 114th Street and Broadway [FORUM; Winter 1957] is fully occupied, and the adjoining Ferris Booth Citizenship Center, originally scheduled for completion in 1959 and still unfinished due to strikes and short materials, will open in March. Barnard's first new building in thirty years, the Adele Lehman Hall-Wollman Library, opened its doors in October. The five-story structure houses a library and language laboratory and will contain classrooms, science laboratories, and offices for teachers in the social sciences. Woodbridge Hall, at 431 Riverside Drive, recently renovated at an approximate cost of \$750,000, is providing eighty-one apartments for married graduate students [Fall 1958].

The estimated completion date for the new Law School building, rising between 116th and 117th Streets on Amsterdam Avenue [Fall 1959], is January, 1961, and the first stage of the new Engineering Center, the Seeley Wintersmith Mudd Building, is expected to be completed by January, 1961.

An \$800,000 modernization of existing facilities and an addition of two floors is nearly finished at the animal care quarters of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and 1960 should see the completion of the first stage of the renovation of

chemistry laboratories in the Chandler Laboratories building (118th Street and Broadway), construction of a small technical library at Camp Columbia, and a new high energy research building at the Nevis Cyclotron Laboratory at Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Contemplated future construction includes a graduate residence hall for business, engineering and law students, adjacent to the new Law School, a twelve-story Arts Center, more work on the Chandler Laboratories and Camp Columbia constructions, and an eight-story Graduate School of Business building, on the site of University Hall.

● From their drifting home-on-the-ice in the Arctic Ocean, the Columbia scientists who are part of "Project Iceskate" [FORUM; Spring 1958] have charted a sunken plateau some 500 miles north of the top of Siberia. Among the marine specimens fished up from the island, the scientists found a strange, two-inch, teardrop-shaped creature with big blue eyes, which has been sent to the American Museum of Natural History for study.

Topside, things have been moving rather serenely since the first ice pack on which the group was riding broke up in November 1958. The polar bears kept their distance, waxing fat on the contents of damaged food cartons which fell to them during an airlift last summer when the ice became too soft for landing planes.

● One of the world's most important diplomatic archives for the years 1776-1795 will be compiled at Columbia within two years. A group of scholars, under the University's auspices, are conducting a search for papers by and relating to John Jay, Revolutionary statesman and alumnus of Columbia College—then King's College—class of 1764. Researchers this fall discovered the second of two known existing drafts of essays from *The Federalist*; this draft of No. 64 is definitely the work of Jay.

● With a paper advocating race-to-race blood transfusion, Dr. John Scudder, assistant professor of clinical surgery at the College of Physicians and

Surgeons, has touched off controversy as far as South Africa. In his paper Dr. Scudder asserted that because there are millions of possible combinations of blood factors and these factors tend to occur with varying frequencies in different human populations, the safest transfusions would employ blood from the patient himself (from a supply banked in advance), from members of the patient's own family, or at least from members of the patient's own race. Seven members of Columbia's Seminar on Genetics and Evolution of Man have objected to what Dr. Scudder called "his new philosophy," stating that "the only criterion any reputable doctor or hospital dare safely employ in blood transfusion is whether the blood is of the right type, and not from whom it came." Dr. George Smyth, head of the Red Cross transfusion service in East London, Union of South Africa, said that in the twenty years of the service's existence no ill effects have been detected from transfusing blood from Caucasians to local Negroes.

● Moscow State University and Columbia will begin an experimental exchange of professors this year. The exchange agreement, the first of its kind between Russian and American universities, provides for the exchange of not more than five professors from each institution. An existing exchange of four to six graduate students from each university will continue into its third year.

● Salaries offered to June graduates of the University showed an increase of 5 per cent over the previous year's offers, but fewer companies were hiring. The average salary for engineers with a BS degree was \$525 a month; with a master's, \$600; and with a doctorate \$790. Salaries for graduate business students averaged close to \$500 a month, and for liberal arts students, \$425. Interview schedules on campus reflected the continuing demand for electrical and mechanical engineers, physicists, and mathematicians by the aircraft and missile industries. As usual, liberal arts students found themselves in comparatively low demand. "But they're not looking for jobs," said John A. Bornemann, University

placement director; nearly 75 per cent of the liberal arts Columbia College graduates will go either to graduate or professional schools or into military service.

• The Washington Junior Chamber of Commerce has asked fifteen graduate students in the School of Architecture to work on a plan for the redevelopment of the capital's downtown district. The students, all from the Division of Urban Planning, and the JCC will present the plan as a basis for urban renewal to District officials in May.

• To enable students to speak a foreign language earlier in their study of it, exercises in twenty-two languages are being given in Columbia's recently completed language laboratory. Supplementing classroom teaching, the laboratory—one hundred booths equipped with earphones, microphones, and tape recorders—allows students to hear their own voices and thereby perfect pronunciation, develop an 'ear' for the language, and increase vocabulary. Eventually it will be possible to study in this way all sixty-nine languages offered by the University.

• Recent changes in the administration include the appointments of Pardo Frederick DelliQuadri as dean of the New York School of Social Work and Jack Dalton as dean of the School of Library Service. Mr. DelliQuadri comes to Columbia from the Wisconsin State Department of Public Welfare, succeeding the late Kenneth D. Johnson. Mr. Dalton, formerly an official of the American Library Association, succeeds Robert Devore Leigh, now dean emeritus of the School of Library Service.

• Using money contributed by his admirers on Yogi Berra day at Yankee Stadium this fall, Yogi Berra provided a \$450-per-year scholarship to at least one Columbia freshman. James Clemons was the recipient. Reporting the event in the New York Herald Tribune, dean of syndicated columnists Red Smith quoted "the noted educator," Mr. Toots Shor, who "suggested that a double pur-

pose could be served if the first recipient of the scholarship were Lawrence Peter Berra himself." Mr. Smith reported that this proposal "has been considered and rejected."

• "The Constitution: Whose Interpretation?", one of a series of seven films appearing this fall on NBC-TV, was awarded the American Bar Association Gavel "for increasing the public understanding of American justice." The series, "Decision: The Constitution in Action," was produced by the Center for Mass Communication of Columbia University Press and dramatized historic decisions of the United States Supreme Court.

• Not only has there been a remarkable increase in the number of students studying Russian at the University in the past year, but to meet the swelling interest in Eastern Europe and Asia, ten other languages of this region are being offered. This group, the Uralic-Altaic languages—spoken by 140,000,000 people—comprises Hungarian, Finnish, Estonian, Turkish, Azerbaijani, Kazan-Turkic, Uzbek, Korean, Khalkha and Kalmyk-Mongolian. The term Uralic-Altaic refers to the Ural Mountains of the USSR and the Altai Mountains of Central Asia.

• Concern over the decline of Morningside Heights—home of 78,000 citizens and one of the nation's greatest concentrations of cultural, educational, and religious institutions—prompted the submission of a report on the neighborhood to New York City officials this fall by Morningside Heights, Inc. The report detailed the causes for the decay of the community bounded by 104th Street, 125th Street, Central, Morningside, and Riverside Parks, and urged the city to take steps to improve the area.

• Columbia College freshmen are heavier, younger, and most likely taller than their predecessors of a generation or two ago. According to a survey of the 680 freshmen who entered in 1958, the average student weighed 159.3 pounds, was 17.9 years of age, and 70.5 inches tall, as against the average 1919 freshman

who weighed 135.11 pounds and was 18.78 years old. There are no figures on the height of the 1919 class, but a survey taken at Yale which supports the available Columbia data shows the average height of Yale freshmen between 1913 and 1922 as 68.7 inches. Thus, even though 1958 freshmen are younger, they are heavier and taller than the 1919 freshmen, many of whom were veterans of World War I.

• The Federal Government and the Democratic Party have each sought out Columbia physicists for informed advice. Charles H. Townes is vice president of the new Institute for Defense Analyses, a 'brain trust' appointed from the faculties of several universities at the request of the Government to work with the Department of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff on defense problems. Polykarp Kusch is working with the committee on science and technology of the Democratic Advisory Council, a group advising on scientific matters and drawing up a science 'platform' for the party's platform in 1960.

• In order to form a more perfect magazine for New York area college students, several student staff members have bolted the *Columbia Review*, the Columbia College literary magazine. The former editor-in-chief of the *Review* stated that the new magazine, tentatively christened *The Metropolitan Review*, will be very much like the present *Review*, but wider in scope and open to non-Columbia contributions. It will not, he asserted, "become a beat magazine; nor is it intended to join the 'little' magazines."

• Visitors from abroad to the University this fall included Madame Pandit, who spoke at Low Library, and Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands and Soviet Minister of Higher Education Vyacheslav P. Yelyutin, who toured the campus. Later, in November, Russian composers Dmitri Shostakovich, Tikhon N. Khrennikov, Dmitri Kabalevsky, Konstantin Dankelevich, Fikret Amirov and musicologist Boris Yarusovsky visited the Columbia music department and inspected the Electronic Music

The John Dewey Centenary

It required no keeping of ears to the ground for literate people everywhere to be aware that the centenary of John Dewey's birth was celebrated across the world this fall. In the climate of praise and the production of laudatory speeches, articles, and editorials on the late Columbia teacher and philosopher the only risk seemed to be that of redundancy.

On the Morningside campus a day-long convocation observed the Dewey Centenary, during which Mrs. Corinne Frost presented to the University 150 letters written to her by Dewey on philosophical subjects. Those who addressed the same convocation included: Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University; William Heard Kilpatrick, professor emeritus of education at Teachers College, Columbia University; Joseph L. Blau, associate professor of the philosophy of religion at Columbia; Joseph L. Childs, professor emeritus of education at Teachers College; Gail Kennedy, professor of philosophy at Amherst College; Sidney Ratner, profes-

sor of history at Rutgers University; John Herman Randall, Jr., professor of philosophy at Columbia; author James T. Farrell, and Frederick H. Burkhardt, president of the American Council of Learned Societies.

A national and an international committee for the centenary coordinated similar observances at the Johns Hopkins, Indiana, Wisconsin, Stanford, and Tokyo Universities.

Among the national magazines devoting either special sections or complete issues to John Dewey were the *Saturday Review*, *The New Leader*, and the *Antioch Review*. Horizon Press of New York published *Dialogue on John Dewey*, a transcribed conversation among eleven prominent colleagues, students and friends of Dewey. Finally, in December, the eastern division of the American Philosophical Association, meeting at Columbia, devoted a large portion of its proceedings to papers on Dewey. John Dewey taught at Columbia University from 1904 to 1930.

Center.

● Believing that more vigorous study of foreign languages should be encouraged in the high school, the faculty of Columbia College has stated that applicants to the College in 1962 will be asked to present evidence of three years of satisfactory study of one foreign language in secondary schools or an equivalent competence. The new admission requirement is in line with the recommendations for improving high school foreign language studies set forth by Dr. James B. Conant in his recently completed study of American secondary schools for the Carnegie Corporation. Anticipating the new requirement, approximately ninety per cent of the 675 Columbia College freshmen this fall did present at least three years of one or more languages.

● Four new trustees have been elected to the University's board within the past few months. New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan and Dr. Abram Abeloff, a surgeon, have been named alumni trustees, succeeding Henry W. Proffitt and Felix E. Wormser. Two banking executives, Alan H. Temple and Benjamin J. Buttenweiser will be life trustees, succeeding Arthur Hays Sulzberger and the late John G. Jackson. Of the twenty-four University trus-

tees, six are alumni trustees, nominated by the alumni to serve six-year terms.

● The jet-age trend in summer employment for students is, as one might have expected, jobs overseas. In cooperation with local businessmen in twenty-one countries, an international organization of business students is responsible for providing 2,000 students last summer with positions abroad. The organization, *Association Internationale des Etudiants Economiques et Commerciaux*, has its national headquarters at Columbia.

● Columbia's "expense dollar" for 1958 added up to 103.4¢, according to a recent report to alumni by President Grayson Kirk. He made the following rough itemization: instruction and administration 71.0¢; student aid, 6.7¢; library, 5.4¢; buildings and grounds, 8.1¢; other (including "depreciation"), 12.2¢. The income dollar is made up of: endowment income, 29.2¢; gifts and bequests, 19.3¢; student tuition and fees, 39.3¢; and other sources, 12.2¢.

● To record vibrations of the lunar crust and provide data on the composition and origin of the moon, Columbia University and the California Institute of Technology will work together to develop a seismograph

that may be placed on the moon within six years. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has awarded \$130,000 contracts to each school for the first year of work on the seismograph.

● Corliss Lamont, lecturer in philosophy at the University, has added twelve manuscripts to the George Santayana collection, whose contents he has been donating (until now anonymously) to the Columbia Libraries since 1955. Mr. Lamont's latest gifts include Santayana's notebook containing his lectures at Harvard in 1909-1910 and an unfinished manuscript of his last literary work, a translation of Lorenzo de Medici's poem, "Ambra."

● President Kirk was recently named the American member of NATO's North Atlantic Studies Committee by the State Department, to serve for two years.

● Defense counsel for convicted Soviet spy Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, James B. Donovan, has turned over part of his fee on the case to the Columbia Law School. The \$10,000 fee was forwarded from East Germany by Mrs. Abel and will be distributed among Fordham and Harvard—which Mr. Donovan attended—and Columbia, alma mater of his two assistants.

Send change of address to Columbia University Forum, Haskell Hall, 605 West 115th St., New York 25, N.Y.

(Continued from page 48)

Comparatively a newcomer in the field, the University of California Press finds poetry "doing excellently" as against its other paperback titles. Theirs does not conflict with the Anchor report, because one of the most popular titles issued by California is also a classic: the poems of Sappho, in the engaging new version by Mary Barnard, with a witty foreword by Dudley Fitts.

The best-selling Penguin Poet is neither a Greek nor a Roman, but that late Victorian Jesuit whose name, when he died in 1889, seemed writ in spindrift: Gerard Manley Hopkins. Believing the practice of poetry inconsistent with his religious profession, he had shrunk from publishing his "verses," but had nevertheless kept them together, so that, "if anyone shd like," as he wrote to his friend Robert Bridges, the future laureate, they might be issued after his death. Bridges did like, however belatedly (in 1918), with what results the popularity of this cheap edition bears witness.

The pedantic paraphernalia that kills the spirit in some books for classroom use is happily absent from the Viking Portables. Although these are not textbooks, they answer the student's needs so well that it is not astonishing to find the Dante one of the best sellers in the series, with Blake (as is the case with the Penguins, too), Chaucer, Milton, and Whitman "well up on the list." Of the few who had answers to my questions, New Directions was the one publisher to say that poetry sells better in relation to other paperback titles than hardbound poetry does in relation to other hardbound titles. The same may be true for other houses. One of the New Directions poets is Ezra Pound. They also publish Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, which, curiously, gains in dramatic effectiveness when it is treated frankly as a poem to be read or spoken by several voices, rather than blown up into a play, as was done recently in London and New York, with all the devices of the theatre hung about it like noisy ornaments.

Although the classics necessarily hold first place, *avant-garde* writing is more readily met with in paperback than it is in hard-cover editions. This is partly thanks to miscellanies that feature the work of the young and hitherto unknown. The miscellanies are a kind of cross between the little magazine and the anthology. Like the former, they are adventurous, and the word "review," "quarterly," or "journal" may occur in the title. Yet something about them, perhaps the stiff glossy binding, or the provocative-ness of the front cover, suggest that they do not belong in the periodical files but will find a place on a shelf alongside the more ambitious collections of mid-century verse and prose. *New World Writing*, the pioneer among them, flourished from 1952 until 1959. The first issue carried a foreword by the publishers which supports my view of miscellanies, calling it at once "a Mentor Book" and "also a 'little magazine'." The poets in this issue included, among familiar names, that rhetorician among the Trappists, Thomas Merton. From the start, however, there was a welcome for newcomers, some of whom, like Frank O'Hara, were soon to attract the attention of other *avant-garde* editors.

The paperbacks, in general, while scarcely as cosmopolitan as Riverside Drive, allow the reader more than a nodding acquaintance with the poets of other countries. The Penguin publishers report that their little books of foreign verse with plain prose translations "have all done astonishingly well." There are some half dozen of them, offering selections from the poets of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. In strong contrast to these pedestrian if useful works is a pamphlet in the Pocket Poets series eloquent of the bleakness and horror that Hitler bequeathed to the *New German Poets*. They "speak for those who can't speak, for the deaf and dumb witnesses." In one way or another, so do all poems.

Miss Deutsch, whose latest book is *Coming of Age: New & Selected Poems*, will continue her notes on paperbound poetry in the next issue of the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM.

